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THE PERIOD OF
DISCOVERY



Statue of Columbus at Madrid.

American Historical Readers

THE PERIOD OF DISCOVERY

BY

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No. 1

TO
OUR ESTEEMED FRIEND

F. A. Y.

THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED

FOREWORD

That the introduction to the study of history should be chiefly biographical and in story form, is a sound principle which has received the approval of many leading educational authorities and has been accepted widely as correct pedagogical practice.

The authors of this reader have applied this principle in a skillful, concrete way and have made the work especially valuable and attractive to youthful readers. The boy characters give a vividness to the stories which could be secured in no other manner. The plan of combining the grade work in history and civics will be welcomed by teachers who have long felt the need of such an arrangement.

FRANK ALFRED YOUNG, P.D.D.
Principal Public School 25,
The Bronx, New York City.

PREFACE

The American Historical Reader has been planned on lines of advanced psychology to meet the requirements of the fifth year in the study of history and civics.

The authors have designed the book to meet the new conditions in the course of study. The stories which are told in easy, fictional form inculcate the essentials of history and civics for the fifth year. In addition, the verse which has been quoted teaches the required ethical lessons of the grade and makes the book more interesting to the pupil. Up to the present, this feature which is of great value, has been neglected in the historical readers written for public schools. The volume, therefore, has the three-fold advantage of meeting in the most interesting manner, the requirements in history, civics, and ethical lessons.

While the stories are in the form of fiction, they are based strictly upon fact and are shaped as closely to the actual as diligent and careful research could accomplish. The most accurate writings form the basis of the stories and the matter for the description of character, dress, and customs, has been drawn from the most reliable sources.

The Reader conforms closely with the latest revision of the course in history and is also in accord with the New York State Regents' *Syllabus of History*.

PREFACE

The authors wish to extend thanks to Dr. Frank A. Young, whose advice and suggestion shaped the plan and scope of our work and to Miss Katherine Richardson, who rendered great assistance in the reading and correction of the manuscript.

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PART I
AMERICAN HISTORY

THE PERIOD OF DISCOVERY

AMERICA

I.

My country! 't is of thee
Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
 Let freedom ring!

2.

My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
 Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

THE PERIOD OF DISCOVERY

3.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

4.

Our father's God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

Samuel Francis Smith

THE COMING OF LEIF THE SON OF ERIC

1000 A. D.

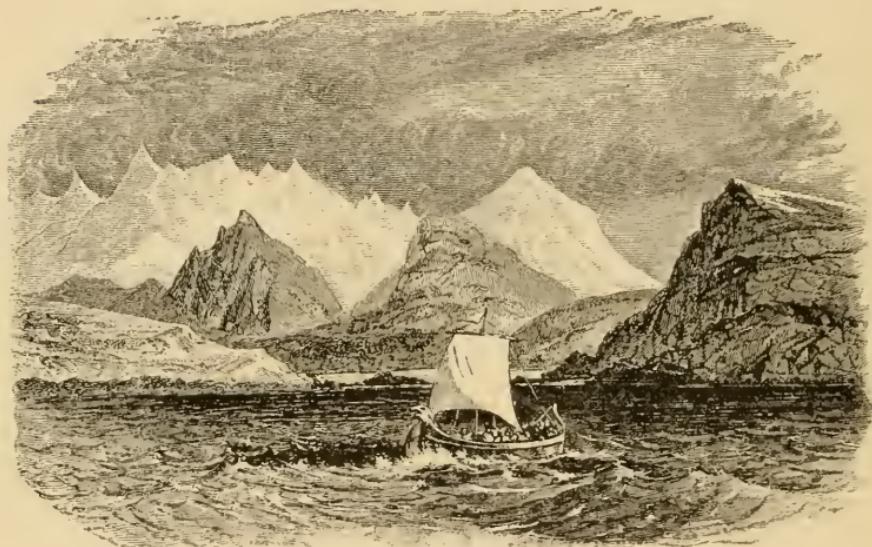
ALL was noise and excitement. The air was filled with the sounds of preparation and the clink-clank of armor as the Norsemen moved about on the shores of Greenland's bay. Great, tall men were they, with eyes of blue, and flaxen hair. As they strode along the beach dressed in their heavy helmets of iron and coats of mail and carrying long, sharp swords at their sides, they seemed like great, strong giants ready for war. They were brave men who knew no fear.

As Oscar Thorsen, a young Norse boy, stood watching the men hurrying along the shore, he felt very proud for Oscar's father had told him how his ancestors, the Vikings, had sailed the wintry seas of the North. He had read in the "Sagas," which were the Norse histories, that his fathers had been conquerors on England's shore and on the far off coast of France. He also remembered the long voyage from his old home in Iceland across the stormy ocean to Greenland. When he thought of these wonderful things, he felt very proud. He was very proud, too, for another reason.

Leif the Son of Eric the Red, the great king of Greenland, had told Oscar's father and the other Norsemen about

a wonderful land lying far away in the West. Like true, brave Norsemen, they had promised to go in search of the new country even though they might perish on the stormy waters and never get back to their homes again.

"Father," said Oscar when his father had told him about



The Discovery of Greenland

the expedition, "please let me go, too. I am fifteen years old and I am big and strong and can handle an oar now like a man. See my muscles." Oscar rolled up his sleeves just as boys do nowadays to show their strong arms.

"Yes, my son, you are strong," replied his father, "but you need more than courage. The dangers are great and death is always near."

"I can be brave," answered Oscar; "I am a Norseman, just like you. A Norseman is never afraid."

When the brave boy said this, his father patted him on the shoulder and said, "I shall ask Leif, the Son of Eric, who is commander, whether you may go with us."

Great was Oscar's joy when the leader, Leif, told him he might join the expedition.

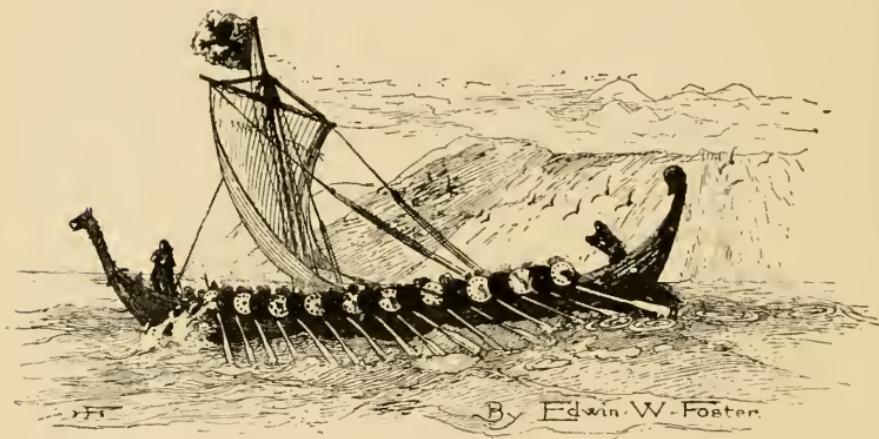


The Viking Ship

Many days had passed during which Oscar worked hard carrying provisions to the boat and helping the men in their preparations. They were to sail many, many days and had to have plenty to eat and drink. But now, at last, everything was ready. As Oscar stood watching the boat riding calmly on the water and the men hurrying about on the shore, he said aloud, "Oh, I am so glad that I can go, too!"

The sun shone high over the frozen hills of Greenland when Leif the Son of Eric and his thirty-five followers,

including Oscar, embarked on their sturdy ship. This occurred about the year 1000 A. D., and their boat was not at all like the great ships that cross the oceans to-day. It looked like a great round-bottom rowboat and was about seventy-seven feet long. It was built very strongly of planks, placed on one another just like the shingles of a house. Inside it was made stronger with ribs of wood.



By Edwin W. Foster

A Viking Ship Under Oars and Sail

fastened together with the fibers of roots found in Iceland and Greenland. Though this boat could sail through the severe storms of the Atlantic it was very light and could ride in water as shallow as four feet. The bow rose very high and was adorned with the head of a dragon, painted in many bright colors. The faces of strange sea animals were carved on the stern which was as high as the bow. The boat was rowed with great oars twenty feet long.

Oscar sat in the bow of the boat. His gaze wandered to the people on the shore who were waving good-by. As the land slipped farther and farther away he wondered if he would ever return. He heard the ripple of the waves against the prow of the boat and the splish-splash of the oars in the water. Then he looked down the boat and saw the broad backs of the sailors as they bent to the oars. He saw his leader, Leif the Son of Eric,—a big, brave man — using the long flat oar or “steer-board,” guiding the boat. Oscar knew that all would be well, with such a great leader and such brave men.

Far out into the Atlantic Ocean did they row, the sailors taking turns at the oars. When the wind came up, Leif ordered the oars taken in.

“Raise the sail,” he commanded.

“Ay! ay!” called the men cheerily for they loved their leader.

Quickly the Norsemen worked and in a few minutes a single, large, square sail was fluttering from the mast in the middle of the boat. With the sail up, the Viking ship looked very much like the craft of the Chinese.

The breeze blew steadily and then the sailors rested. The long days were spent in looking for signs of the new land. Oscar would often sit in the bow of the boat, gazing with eager eyes for the outline of the new coast. He loved the strong wind and the smell of the salty sea and the deep roll of the boat on the waves. He was a true Norseman sailor and he delighted to listen to the tales his elders told. At night when the stars seemed low on the ocean he loved to listen to the song of the sailors:

Hurrah for the Norseman bold
As he sails o'er the ocean deep!
Hurrah for the Vikings bold
Who command where the storm clouds sweep!

Oscar would sing, too, the deep-voiced songs of Iceland.

Leif the Son of Eric steered the vessel on a straight-southwest course. One evening Oscar saw far ahead in the distance a long, low, black line.

“Land! Land!” he cried in great excitement and he pointed to the far-off coast. Sure enough, there in the distance was the dark outline of a strange country. Great was the joy of Leif and his Norse sailors. They had not sailed in vain. When they beached their boat on the shore of the newly-found coast, no flowers waved a welcome. No trees nodded greeting. Great, flat stones raised their heads from the rocky land.

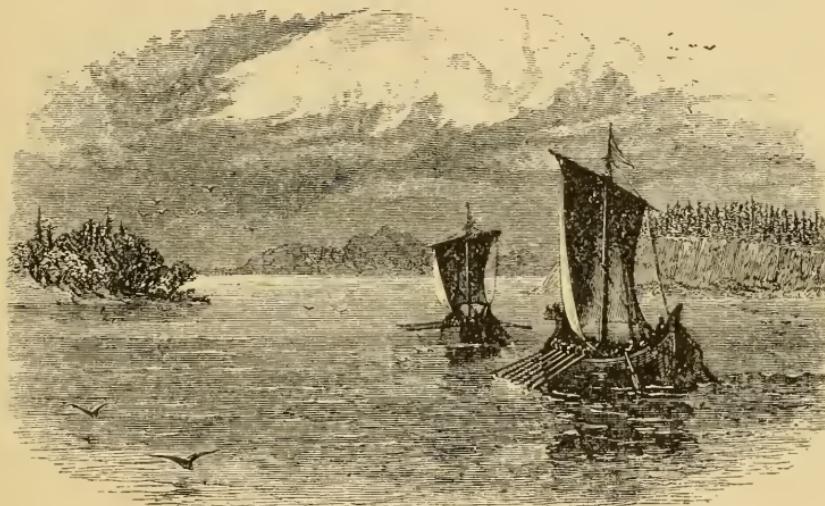
The Norsemen landed and soon Oscar and the sailors were exploring the country. When Leif the Son of Eric beheld the nature of the place, he called his men together and said in a loud voice, “Henceforth, let this land be called Helluland.”

Thus the new country was called “Helluland,” or “Country of Slates” because of the flat stones which were found there. People now think that “Helluland” was really the rocky coast of Labrador.

When the Norsemen had explored the land, Leif the Son of Eric called them together in council. “Comrades,” he said, “we have discovered strange shores but our search

should not end here. Let us continue to sail along the coast."

The men thought this a good plan and soon all were embarked again in their ship. Oscar was delighted with the new country. He watched eagerly the changing coast as the Viking ship sailed along close to the shore. Finally they came to the most beautiful land Oscar had ever seen. In



Northmen Exploring the New England Coast

Iceland and Greenland the only trees he had beheld were small, stunted birch trees. Here there were many flowers, tall bushes with colored blossoms, and sweet-smelling woods. This country was perhaps the land of Nova Scotia. Leif the Son of Eric named it "Markland" which means "Woodland."

Still further down the coast sailed the Norsemen until they came to what probably is now Massachusetts or Rhode

Island. Thus were the Norsemen the first white men to reach the shores of America.

Here Leif the Son of Eric landed and divided his men into two parties to explore the country. While one half was away, the rest of the men stayed near the ship and there built huts in which to live.

On one of these expeditions into the country, Oscar went with his father and the other men of the party. They traveled through the deep woods and wondered at the beautiful things they saw.

"What are those round, purple things?" asked Oscar as he found a vine loaded with large berries growing on a tree trunk.

"I don't know," answered his father. "Perhaps they are good to eat." He bit into one and found it the sweetest fruit he had ever tasted.

"Try some," he said to the others and when they tasted the fruit they all were delighted with the strange berries. The fruit which they thought were berries were juicy wild grapes.

When Leif the Son of Eric heard of this pleasant discovery and because the land abounded in grapes, he called the country "Vinland."

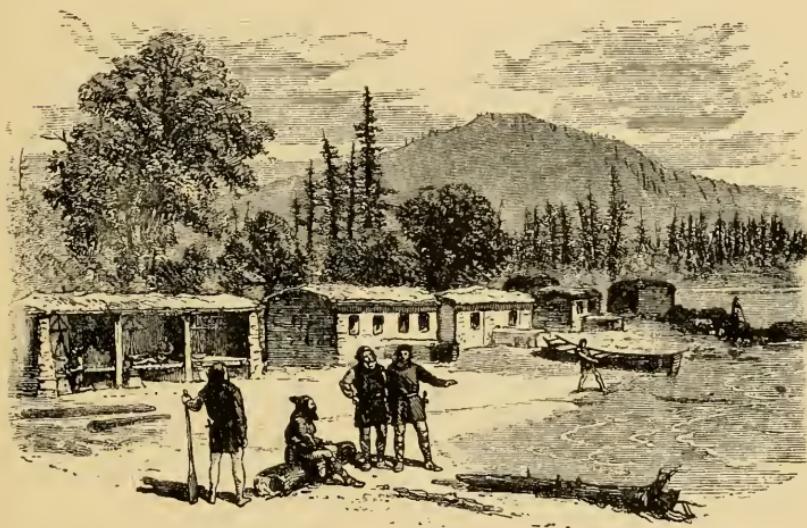
With the passing of winter and the coming of spring, Oscar's father called him to his hut.

"Make ready, Oscar, to return home," he said. "Last night our leader, Leif, decided to begin our journey back to Greenland. To-morrow we sail."

Oscar was sad to think of leaving the beautiful new

country. Yet he wanted to see the shores of Greenland once again. And so they sailed away.

Bidding farewell to the shores of Vinland, Leif and his Norsemen sailed over the Atlantic back to Greenland. On the voyage homeward, their leader saved fifteen men from shipwreck, and because of this happy deed the men called



Leif's Settlement

him Leif the Lucky. Even to this day do we read in history of Leif the Lucky.

Oscar was glad to be home at last. But he loved the sea and longed to sail away again. So once more he set out for the West. By this time Leif had become King of Greenland; and Thorwald, his brother, was in command. They made Oscar the guide because he knew the way. He directed them to the huts built by Leif and his father. It

was on this expedition that the Norsemen first saw any inhabitants. They were tall copper-colored natives with straight black hair and large cheek bones. The Norsemen called them "Skraelings," a term of reproach because they were not Norsemen.

A quarrel took place between the Norsemen and the "Skraelings"; and Thorwald, the leader, was killed. When he was dying he said: "Bury me here on these shores, here where I had hoped to build myself a home. You, my faithful men, return to Greenland."

Sadly the Norsemen placed a cross over the grave of their dead leader, left the shores of North America, and steered for Greenland.

Oscar sailed the northern seas for many years. When he could no longer pull the heavy oar, he used to spend the long winter evenings telling his children the story of Leif the Lucky and his expedition to Vinland.

A SONG OF THE SEA

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence whereso'er I go.
If a storm should come and awake the deep
What matter? I should ride and sleep.

I love (Oh! how I love) to ride
On the fiercely foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below
And why the southwest blasts do blow.

.

I never was on the dull, tame shore.
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,

Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest ;
And a mother she was and is to me ;
For I was born on the open sea !

• *Bryan Waller Procter*

COLUMBUS DISCOVERS AMERICA

1492

In a street of Palos, in the year 1492, two sailors stood talking. They were dressed in doublet and hose. Long pointed shoes were on their feet. Their hair hung in ringlets upon their shoulders. Slender swords were in their belts. Their language was Spanish.

"I, for one, will not go. No, not even at the King's command," said the one with purple cloak and flaxen hair.

"Fie! fie! Think of our gracious Queen Isabella," exclaimed the other who wore a doublet of green and yellow. "She has sold all her jewels to fit out the ships."



The Sea of Darkness

"I care not," answered the first sailor. "This is all madness. Who is this Christopher Columbus? A native of Genoa, Italy, a sea-captain with crazy ideas. He asked Venice for help. He went first to England and now he

comes to Spain seeking assistance. He says the world is round and he knows a quicker route to India by sailing west."

"Well, cannot that be possible?" asked the second.

"Possible? No. It is foolish. Why, if he sails that way he will come to the end of the world and drop off," said his friend. "But what is worse, great monsters live in the ocean. They will devour his ships. Besides there are places where the water is so hot it boils. I will not join his crew. I should never come back."

"You are wrong," spoke the sailor in doublet of green and yellow. "I think Columbus is right. He will find India. I am going to join his ship. I am not afraid."

"All right, Fernando Andrea. You can go. I shall stay at home."

"Good-by. I am going down to the quay to see the ships," replied Fernando as he left his friend. He walked down the narrow street of Palos to the wharves.

Out from the dock Fernando saw three ships riding at anchor. The largest ship had the flag of Columbus at its mast. It was a high wooden vessel whose deck was low at the center. At the stern it had a second deck or poop which was much higher than the rest of the boat. Its bowsprit was set at a sharp angle, pointing high toward the heavens. This ship was the "Santa Maria." The other two boats were much smaller. They had no second deck and they were called caravels. Their names were the "Pinta" and the "Niña."

As Fernando stood watching the fleet, a tall well-built

man came to the wharf. His face was long, his nose sharp, and his complexion very clear. His hair was very gray, and care seemed to sadden his countenance.

Fernando came up to him and said: "Sir, I know you are Christopher Columbus. I heard you needed sailors for your ships. I should like to sail with you. My name is Fernando Andrea."



Columbus Bidding Farewell to Ferdinand and Isabella

The face of Columbus, for it was he, lighted up with joy.

"My son," he said in a tone of sorrow, "I do need men. To-morrow I sail to find a new way to India. Yet men are so afraid. The only men I can get are released criminals who are forced to go with me. I am glad I have found another brave man. You are most welcome. You shall be an officer on my ship, the 'Santa Maria.' "

On the following day, August 3rd, 1492, the Santa Maria, the Niña and the Pinta lifted their wide, pointed sails with the Spanish cross upon them and left the harbor of Palos. The people who saw them go muttered, "Foolish, foolish. They will never return. They will fall off the earth."

But Columbus stood on the high deck of his ship and looked toward the West. "At last," he exclaimed in joy, "we are on our way to India. Hard indeed has been the fight. Neither Venice nor Italy nor England would help me. Now when I find India with its gold and jewels which Marco Polo wrote about, I shall pour the riches into the coffers of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella. I am sure I shall succeed."

But the crew of the Santa Maria were not sure of success. When the ships left the Canary Islands on September 6th and no land was to be seen anywhere, the sailors grew mutinous. They were ignorant men who were forced against their will to go on the journey.

"We shall surely die," they muttered; "our Admiral is crazy. We can never reach India. If we do, adverse winds will not let us return."

They sailed on and on, and day after day slipped by with no land in sight; the sailors' fears grew worse. Some wanted to murder Columbus and return home. Fernando tried to quell their fears but they would not listen to him.

One day when Fernando was at the steering-wheel, he noticed the needle of the compass was acting strangely. It pointed now to the Northwest instead of in the usual direc-

tion which was toward the North. He was greatly frightened. The compass was their only guide. In alarm he called Columbus.

"Sir," cried Fernando, "the compass is acting queerly.



Columbus' Flagship, the "Santa Maria"

We are lost. Our only guide has forsaken us. What shall I do?"

The face of Columbus grew pale with fear. Even he did not understand. But he was a hero, brave and true.

"Sail on," he said. "Sail on. God protects the brave."

Saying nothing about the compass, Columbus called his mutinous sailors together. He told them not to fear.

"Soon we shall see land," he said. The men grew confident and lost their fears.

Columbus spoke truly. After ten long weeks of sailing, the men of the Santa Maria beheld some birds which do not fly far from land. The air grew warm and balmy, and one day they picked up a paddle which had been carved from a tree and the next day a branch of red berries floated by.

Eagerly the sailors watched for land. On the evening of October 12th, 1492, a sailor on the Pinta saw in the distance a long, low, black line. "Land, land!" he cried and the thrilling cry passed from sailor to sailor, "Land, land!"

When day came, Columbus and his men saw a wonderful sight. Before their eyes stretched a land of green woods and beautiful flowers. The air was heavy with perfume. Bright-colored birds flew from tree to tree and sang sweet songs. It seemed like a paradise to the Spanish sailors.

"Look! look!" exclaimed Fernando as they watched from the side of the ship, "what queer-looking creatures!" There on the shore stood tall copper-colored natives. Long feathers were on their heads, and their naked bodies were painted in bright colors. They seemed frightened at the sight of the ships with their large white sails.

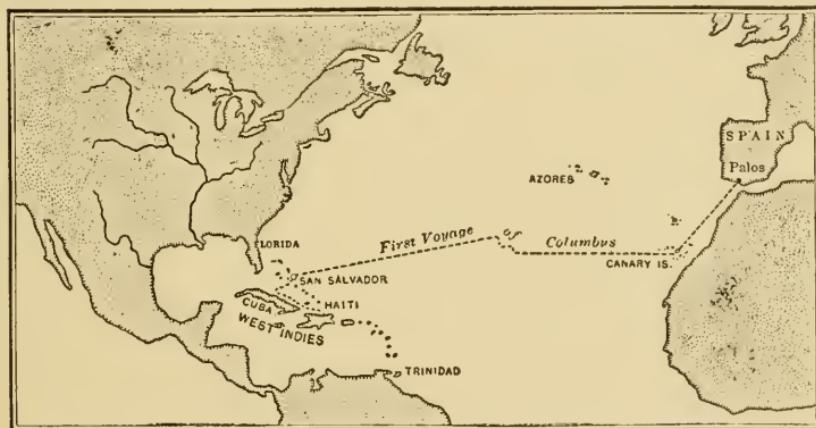
"They are Indians," said Columbus, for he thought that he had reached India.

Dressed in a cloak of scarlet and carrying the yellow banner of Spain, Columbus set foot on the New World. His men followed, clad in armor of shining steel; they planted a cross on the sand. Kneeling before it the sailors sang hymns of thanksgiving.

Drawing his sword, Columbus struck the ground with it. "In the name of their Majesties, King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella of Spain, I take this land. It shall be called 'San Salvador.'"

Thus was America discovered. But Columbus did not know that it was a new world.

The island of San Salvador lies off the continent of North America. Columbus thought it was an island north of China.



The First Voyage of Columbus

Fernando and the other sailors explored the new country. Everywhere they found bright-colored flowers and fine fruit. The natives were very friendly and traded parrots and fruit for the sailors' trinkets.

But they did not find the gold and silver and diamonds which Marco Polo had written about.

"We must sail south," said Columbus, "and then we will come to China. There I shall present King Ferdinand's

letter to the Emperor." For Columbus had a letter from his King to Kublai Khan, the Emperor of China.

Sailing south, Columbus discovered the islands of Cuba and Haiti and called them the West Indies.

A serious accident happened on Christmas morning. When the sailors were asleep the wind drove the Santa



Routes to the Orient

Maria high upon a sand-bar off the coast of Haiti. The sailors worked hard, but the ship would not budge. The ship could not stand the force of the dashing waves and soon it was a total wreck. If the other ships perished like the Santa Maria they would not be able to return to Spain.

Columbus decided to sail for home, for he wished to tell the people of this wonderful land in the West. Two small

ships could not hold his men, so forty remained behind in huts built from the timber of the wrecked boat.

Fernando returned with Columbus. On March 15th they arrived at Palos, and soon the news of the arrival of Columbus spread throughout the land. The King and Queen bade him come to their court at Barcelona.

All at the court were eager to honor the hero. Soldiers in helmets with great battle-axes stood near the throne, where sat King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella, beneath a rich canopy of gold. The Spanish people looked in wonder at the six Indians whom Columbus had brought with him. In their painted costumes and feathery headgear they looked very picturesque. In procession with them marched Fernando and the other sailors. Some carried beautiful live parrots and mackaws; others carried stuffed birds and animals; and some bore wonderful plants and fruit from the West Indies. Then came Columbus surrounded by the greatest nobles of Spain. Huzzas and loud cries of joy arose from the people as Columbus passed.

When Columbus reached the throne, he saluted the King and Queen and told them he had found India. Ferdinand and Isabella were so pleased that they had Columbus sit down in their presence. This was an honor, indeed!

Columbus described the lands which lay to the west and the King and Queen thanked him for his wonderful work. As a reward they promised to fit out another fleet so that Columbus might make new discoveries.

This new expedition was soon made ready and in September 1493, Columbus again left Spain for the West Indies.

He felt sure that he would find vast wealth. The fleet which he now commanded consisted of seventeen ships and fifteen hundred men who expected to become very rich.

When the explorers reached Haiti, Columbus could find no trace of the forty men whom he had left there when the Santa Maria was wrecked. Only the ruined fort remained.

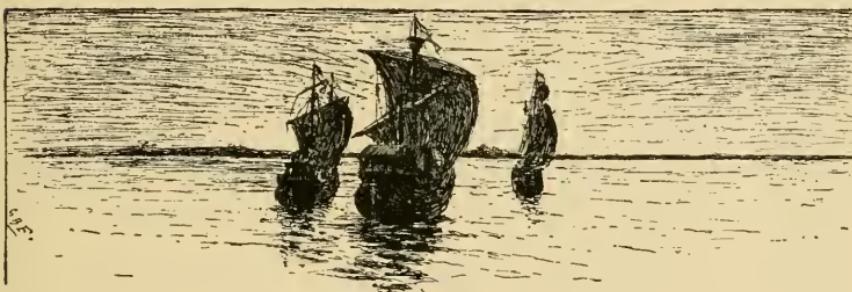
Three years passed by while Columbus explored the country and visited the neighboring islands. In all this time he could not find the rich cities of China. After he had made settlements in Cuba and Jamaica, he returned to Spain and told Queen Isabella about the work he had done. She was so pleased with his work that she made him Governor of the West Indies. In 1498 Columbus sailed on his third expedition to the New World. On this voyage he sailed farthest south and discovered the coast of South America.

When he reached Haiti, he found that the men were very quarrelsome and jealous of one another. Their quarrels and strife grew so great, that Columbus had a difficult time trying to make peace. During these troubles, Columbus was hated by some men who were his enemies. They carried stories to Spain, saying that Columbus was doing evil. The King listened to these reports and sent out officers who arrested Columbus and brought him to Spain in chains.

When he was thrown into prison, Queen Isabella quickly came to his aid and freed him from his chains. These days were filled with sorrow and trouble for Columbus, who was now an old man.

When Queen Isabella died, Columbus lost his greatest

friend. Columbus sailed again to the New World in 1502, but the expedition ended in failure. The men of Spain soon turned against him because they did not obtain the great stores of gold and silver which he had said they would find in the West Indies. On December 20th, 1506, Columbus died, disappointed and in want. He never knew that he had not found India. He proved that the world was round and discovered a greater country than India — a new continent which one day was to be "the land of the free and the home of the brave."



COLUMBUS*

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind, the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas,
The good mate said, "Now we must pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Speak, admiral; what shall I say?"
"Why say, 'Sail on! Sail on! and on!'

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
"Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said,
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my mates fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.

*Copyright, 1897, by the Whitaker & Ray Co.

Now speak, brave admiral; speak and say—”
He said, “Sail on! sail on! and on!”

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
“This mad sea shows its teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave admiral, say but one good word;
What shall we do when hope is gone?”
The words leapt as a leaping sword,
“Sail on! sail on! and on!”

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through the darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag, unfurled!
It grew to be Time’s burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: “On! and on!”

Joaquin Miller

AMERIGO VESPUCCI

1501

"I HAVE made four voyages to the new world," said an Italian adventurer to himself one day about 1502. "I can describe the customs of the people whom I saw and the country I visited. I shall write to my friends for they will be pleased to hear about my travels."

So Amerigo Vespucci, for that was the Italian's name,

wrote many letters to his friends. He was learned in map-drawing and geography and had sailed in 1499 from Spain with Ojeda. The ships sailed north along the coast of South America past the Amazon River to a country which Ojeda called Venezuela or little Venice. The explorers gave that country the name of Venezuela or little Venice because they beheld an Indian village of houses built over the water, with the rivers for its streets just as they are in Venice. While in this country, Amerigo saw many other strange sights.

Amerigo Vespucci



Again in 1501, he sailed south along the shores of South

America until he saw the Plata River. Amerigo made three other voyages; and when he began to write, he told about these voyages and the wonderful things he had seen. He could write very well, and the stories that he told were very interesting. He wrote that he was sure the new country was larger than Africa or Asia.



Early Fifteenth Century Map of the World

The people liked his letters so well that soon they were printed in many languages and people everywhere were reading of Amerigo's adventures. Many people heard about the wonderful voyage of Columbus, but Columbus was too busy to write stories about his travels and so the people learned more about Amerigo.

So pleased were they all with the stories written by

Amerigo that when the learned men of Europe drew a map of the world they said: "Let us call the new country America for Amerigo has found a new continent."

The map which they drew was a very strange one and not at all like our maps of the world. The people thought that the West Indies were a part of Asia. So when they drew their maps they located the new country near Asia.

But soon the explorers brought back the news that the new land was much larger than the people at that time thought. The voyagers said that it was not really an island but a great wide land like Africa. Later on they discovered that there were two continents. So when Mercator, the famous map-maker, designed his new map of the world, he drew the picture of two continents and named them America after Amerigo.

Thus this country was called America in honor of Amerigo Vespucci whose stories made the New World so well known to the people of Europe.

OUR COUNTRY AND FLAG

Hail, brightest banner that floats on the gale!
Flag of the country of Washington, hail!
Red are thy stripes with the blood of the brave;
Bright are thy stars as the sun on the wave;
Wrapt in thy folds are the hopes of the free.
Banner of Washington! blessings on thee!

William E. Robinson

THE VOYAGES OF JOHN AND SEBASTIAN CABOT

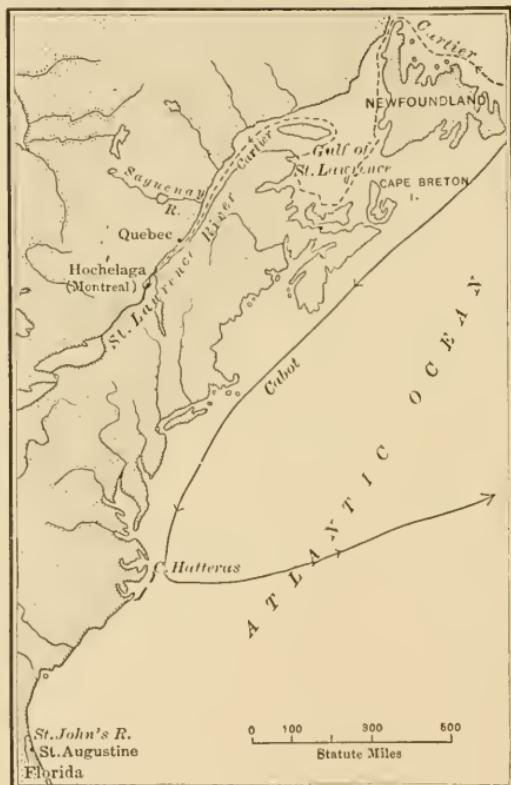
1497

THE harbor of Bristol, England, was dotted with many ships of trade. Of all England, Bristol was at that time the busiest port. From Bristol, ships sailed on long cruises to the Mediterranean, to India, and far north to Norway. Returning, they brought home spices, silk, and various articles to be sold in the busy markets of England. To this port, too, came the best mariners of all Europe, seeking to sail on the long, dangerous voyages. As you look at the sunburned faces of the sailors hastening up and down the streets of the town, you can see fair-haired sailors from Norway, blue-eyed English mariners, swarthy seamen from Venice and Genoa, and even dark-skinned Arabs dressed in turban and flowing gown.

Up from the landing came two sailors, talking earnestly. The elder was of dark countenance, with black hair and a long sharp nose; while the younger, a youth of twenty, closely resembled the other in feature and appearance. The language they spoke was Italian.

"No, my son," spoke the elder sailor, "I am not surprised that Columbus has found India. When Christopher Columbus's brother, Bartholomew, was in England seeking

help for Christopher, I met him here in Bristol and he told me of his brother's plans. I knew that Columbus would succeed for I, too, have long believed the world to be round and that a passage to India can be found by sailing west.



The Discoveries of Cabot and Cartier

When our own country, Italy, would not help me, I appealed to the King of England for ships but as yet I have received no word from him. Perhaps the news that Columbus has found India will rouse the King. If he helps us, Sebastian, you and I shall share in the glory of great discoveries."

The old mariner's words about the effect of the news of Columbus's great discovery, were true and the next day he was summoned to the court of King Henry VII of England.

"John Cabot," said the King, reading from a paper, "you have asked for England's help to sail on a voyage of discovery to India. The King hereby gives you permission to sail to the east, west, or north with five ships carrying the English flag to seek all the islands, countries, regions, or provinces of pagans in whatever part of the world. But in sailing do not sail to the south, lest you give offence to our gracious friend, the King of Spain."

"I thank your kind Majesty," replied John Cabot as he knelt to receive his commission which the King handed him. "I shall strive to find a new route to China for your Majesty."

When Cabot made preparations for the voyage, he found that, while the King promised five vessels, he could obtain only a single, small ship, named the "Matthew." It was a tiny boat in which to attempt to cross the Atlantic, but Cabot had won fame because of his great daring on voyages north to Norway and he was glad to get even one boat for his expedition.

With his son, Sebastian, and a crew of eighteen, John Cabot sailed in May 1497, from Bristol.

"If Columbus," said Cabot to his son, "reached India by sailing south, we shall try a northern or northwestern route which perhaps will bring us to the shores of China."

With this idea in mind, Cabot sailed in a northwesterly direction from England. Severe storms swept the Atlantic

and tossed his little craft about and many times the gales blew the "Matthew" from its course. After a voyage of two months Cabot and his little crew reached the coast of Labrador.

"What a barren place!" exclaimed Sebastian to his father, "surely China cannot be so rocky and so wild. But look! The fish! Why, there are thousands swimming about the boat!"

While the sailors were very much disappointed with the deserted shores of Labrador, they were amazed at the number of fish which filled the waters. Journeying down the coast, they beheld great schools of cod, and mackerel, and herring.

Cabot was grieved at finding no cities, and after landing on the coast and claiming the country in the name of King Henry VII of England, he set sail on the return voyage to England and arrived once more in the harbor of Bristol.

When Cabot informed the King that he had discovered China and claimed it for England, Henry VII was greatly pleased.

"You have made a wonderful journey," said the King, "and as a reward for your valor I here present you with the sum of fifty dollars. Henceforth, you shall be paid one hundred dollars a year as long as you live."

Now, while this reward would seem very little to-day, it really was of considerable value, for during the days of Henry VII a golden dollar was worth much more than it is to-day.

Cabot was very grateful to the King, and the next year

he again set out with a fleet of five ships. This time he changed his course and pointed his ships toward the Southwest, thinking in this way he would reach China.

But though they came to the continent of North America, the English seamen found no flourishing towns nor wealthy cities. Still hoping to find them, they sailed slowly down the coast as far as Virginia. Anxiously the sailors gazed



Part of Sebastian Cabot's Map of 1544

about. They were delighted with the beautiful trees and flowers and birds but disappointed not to find the teeming treasures of China. When, at length, some weeks had been spent in exploration, Cabot and his ships returned to England.

The work of John Cabot was continued by his son Sebastian, who made many voyages to the New World but each time returned with no gold. Soon the people lost interest in the discovery made by the Cabots and for over a hundred years no voyages were made by English sailors to

America. But many years later the work of John and Sebastian Cabot proved of great value to England. On account of their voyages, England in later times claimed that the land of North America belonged to the English nation because under its flag the Cabots had made their discoveries.

GOD BLESS OUR NATIVE LAND

God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night!
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies:
On Him we wait.
Thou, who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State.

John Sullivan Dwight

PONCE DE LEÓN

1513

"Ah! if I could but be young again! When I came to these shores with Columbus in 1493, I felt the power of youth in my limbs. Now I am getting stiff with old age."

Thus spoke the gray-haired warrior. The weight of fifty years rested upon him. He was the governor of the island of Porto Rico which lies in the West Indies. When sailing one day from Haiti, he had visited this island with its green-covered hills and rich valleys. When the Indians told him that he might find gold there, he resolved to stay. He was severe and cruel, and soon he had conquered the Indians and made himself governor of the island. This gray-haired warrior's name was Ponce de León.

He was sad now because he was so old. He wished to be young again and as he sat in his chair, he spoke his thoughts aloud: "Ah! if I could only be young again!"

An old, wrinkled Indian servant, who was working nearby stopped when he heard Ponce de León's words.

"Do you wish to be young again?" asked the old Indian.

"Ah!" answered the warrior. "I would give half my treasures to feel once more the fire of youth."

"Perhaps I can help you," said the Indian servant. "My father told me, and his father told him, that afar off to the

North there is a magic fountain and from it flows a river wherein all who bathe are made young again."

As the Indian spoke these words, the eyes of De León kindled with excitement. A flush of joy came upon his cheeks.

"Will that fountain," he questioned anxiously, "will that fountain make me young once more?"

"Yes," said the servant. "That is what my father told me years ago."

Ponce de León rose from his chair. He was of large build and strong in every muscle. He closed his fist in determination and said: "I shall search until I find that spring. Then shall I be a youth once more."

Busily De León and his men worked and soon an expedition was made ready for the journey. All the sailors were as eager as their leader to find the Fountain of Youth. In 1513 De León sailed from Porto Rico in search of the magic waters that would bring back to his body his lost youth.

The journey was to the North as the old Indian servant had directed. Soon Ponce de León came to the Bahama Islands.

"Can you tell me where I can find the Fountain of Youth?" Ponce would always ask whenever the expedition stopped.

Each time the natives would answer that it was not far away but they could not direct him to the place where the Fountain of Youth gave forth its wonderful waters.

One day early in spring their ship sailed by the shores of a beautiful country. De León thought that the magic spring

might be found there. On Easter Sunday morning in 1513 Ponce de León and his Spanish sailors landed near what is now the city of St. Augustine. Large palm trees swayed their fan-like branches in the breeze that was sweet with the perfume of many flowers. Crimson and yellow and deep red flowers mingled their colors with the green of the everglades. Beautiful birds warbled sweet music in the trees from which hung hoary moss. Never had the sailors beheld such a beautiful country.



Landing in Florida

When he saw this wonderful sight, De León turned to his men and said: "To-day is Pascua Florida and we have found a new island. This land with its flowers and blossoms seems like our churches in Spain which at Pascua Florida are decked with flowers and green branches. So let us call this new land Florida."

Pascua Florida is the Spanish name for Flowery Easter and thus it was that Florida received its name.

Eagerly did he bathe in the waters which he hoped would

bring back his youth but the rivers and springs could not take away his old age. Vainly did he look for the Fountain of Youth. The waters were all the same; they could not bring back his youth. At last, disappointed, and still older and stiffer in his limbs, De León returned to Porto Rico.



The Old City Gate, St. Augustine

Ponce de León did not realize that he had discovered the mainland of North America. He thought Florida was an island. When the king of Spain, who was pleased with the discovery, made De León governor of Florida, Ponce resolved to return and conquer the natives there who had

been unfriendly. In 1521 he set sail again for Florida. The Indians fiercely attacked the Spaniards, and in a battle Ponce de León was mortally wounded. When he fell, De León knew that his life was nearly over and at his command his men brought him back to his home in Porto Rico. The stern warrior grew weaker and weaker. In a few months, Ponce de León died. His search for the Fountain of Youth was over.

Long years have passed since the days of De León, but the Fountain of Youth, like the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, has not been found.

A PSALM OF LIFE

What the heart of the young man said to the Psalmist

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream,—
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not the goal;
“Dust thou art, to dust returnest,”
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world’s broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,— act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of Time,—

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

H. W. Longfellow

BALBOA DISCOVERS THE PACIFIC

1513

A BAND of Spanish soldiers were struggling through the thick forests of the Isthmus of Panama. Heavy branches of palm trees hung low in their paths, and vines and shrubs which were twined together in dense foliage hindered them and tripped their feet. The heat was terrific as the tropical sun beat down upon them, and the bloodhounds straining at their leash panted and rolled their eyes about in search of water. The clothes of the soldiers were stained with mud and torn by the brambles of the swamps they had passed through. As the soldiers plodded on, the weight of the guns and provisions which they carried on their backs seemed to grow heavier and heavier.

"Oh! my back is almost broken," exclaimed one of the soldiers to his companion. "I can't stand this much longer."

"Nor I either," said the other as he brushed his way through the bushes. "It seems to me a year since we left Darien and the Atlantic coast, while it is not quite a month since we started."

"Yes, that is true," replied his friend, "but these past few weeks have been terrible ones. Why, last night I heard our leader, Balboa, say that in the last four days we have

traveled only thirty miles. But let us cheer up. That big mountain in front of us is the last we must climb, for the Indian guides say that beyond it lies the great Western Sea, and to the South the land of gold and treasure."

Just then the war whoop of Indians was heard. With terrible yells, the savages sent their arrows singing into the



Vasco Nunez de Balboa

Spanish troops. There was great confusion as here and there a soldier fell wounded. Bang! Bang! spoke out the guns of the Spaniards. The Indians, terrified by the strange noise of the guns, turned and fled. Rushing to the attack, the Spanish soldiers soon scattered the Indians and took possession of the village which the natives had deserted in

their flight. The Spaniards were overjoyed when they found pieces of gold hidden in the houses of the village.

In this Indian village the soldiers rested and that night Balboa, who, as governor of Darien had set out with this force to find the Western Sea, called his men together.

“Fellow-soldiers,” said Balboa, “between us and the vast sea which the Indians have told us about there lies this one peak. Early to-morrow I shall climb that mountain with a small number of men. The wounded and those who suffer from fatigue shall rest in this village until I command them to follow.”

When he had finished speaking, he chose a small band of men and made preparations for the journey. At the first peep of dawn, September 26, 1513, Balboa and his picked men began the ascent of the mountain. As they struggled up the mountain, Balboa went on ahead alone. When he came to the summit, he beheld a glorious scene. The mountain on which he stood sloped down to the silvery shore of a boundless sea. As far as his eye could reach — north, west, and south — stretched the waters of a peaceful ocean upon whose heaving bosom gleamed the bright rays of the sun. At his cry of joy his men came running to him. As they gazed in wonder at the beautiful sight, Balboa exclaimed: “In the name of His Gracious Majesty, the King of Spain, I declare this ocean and all the lands washed by its waters to be his possessions.” A large cross was erected to mark the place of discovery.

Balboa then returned to the Indian village. The next day he gathered his whole force together, crossed the moun-

tain and soon reached the shore of the ocean. As his followers stood with their Indian guides on the beach, Balboa with drawn sword in one hand and a banner of Spain in the other, walked into the water. The sun gleamed on his polished coat of mail and made his red hair, which hung in



Vasco Nunez de Balboa taking Possession of the Pacific Ocean

ringlets on his shoulders, seem golden. After striking the water with his sword, he raised the dripping blade towards heaven and in a solemn voice declared: "I claim this sea and all its islands and coasts to be the possessions of his Majesty, the King of Spain."

During the next five weeks Balboa explored the coast and

found that the Indians possessed golden trinkets and pearls of great value. Although Balboa's soldiers collected a large amount of gold from the natives, they longed for the great rich cities which the Indians said were toward the south.

In order to continue his voyage along the Pacific shore to the south, Balboa needed ships. He could not build them on the coast as he did not possess the necessary tools with which to construct them. So he returned to Darien and there he found a new governor who was jealous of Balboa's success.

Balboa tried not to listen to the false reports spread about him for his whole mind was set upon the building of his ships. In the shipyard on the Atlantic coast he had two boats built. But in order to get them across the Isthmus he was compelled to take them apart and have the pieces carried across the mountains on the backs of his men. This was a very severe task and took a great deal of time and patience. But Balboa, who was a leader of great will and strength, determined to succeed.

Finally the last piece of timber was carried across the Isthmus and the men were hammering the parts of the boat together. The two boats were almost completed when Balboa discovered that he needed more pitch and iron to caulk and strengthen the vessels.

"We cannot put to sea," said Balboa, "until we get more pitch and iron. I shall return to Darien to get the iron and pitch and then we'll continue our explorations toward the

south." When Balboa reached Darien, a company of soldiers met him and placed him under arrest.

"Why do you arrest me?" exclaimed Balboa in surprise.

"For treason," answered the captain of the guard.
"The Governor orders your arrest."

The governor of Darien and the men in power there were jealous of Balboa. In order to put him to death, they said that he was guilty of treason because he attempted to make a government of his own. Besides, they said, he had gone on an expedition without the consent of the governor of Darien.

Although Balboa declared that he was innocent, his enemies condemned him to death. Thus in the midst of preparations for new discoveries Balboa died, the first white man to behold the Pacific Ocean.

WHEN DAYS ARE O'ERBURDENED WITH TROUBLE

When days are o'erburdened with trouble

And life is o'erburdened with woe,

When pain and unkindness seem double,

'T is because we deserve it, you know;

'Way back in the past we have planted

Unkindness and hatred to grow;—

We gather the seed that we sow without heed,

For always we reap as we sow.

Benjamin Keech

FERDINAND DE SOTO

1541

In the palace of King Charles V of Spain, a great reception was taking place. Flags were flying, drums were beating in celebration of the return of Cabeza de Vaca. The great explorer, bringing many presents, entered the throne-room and bending his left knee in homage, saluted the King.

"Most gracious Majesty," he said, "I have returned after eight years spent in exploring your new lands of Florida. To you I bring these presents as tokens of my homage."

"Cabeza de Vaca, we all welcome you," replied King Charles. "But tell us, I pray you, about your journey."

"Sire," said De Vaca, "my wanderings were many. I beheld the most wonderful flowers and trees and birds. Mighty rivers, too, did I see, with reptiles of great size lying on the banks. But the richest land of all I could not find."

"The richest land?" asked the King.

"Yes, your Majesty," the explorer replied, "a land richer by far than any ever found. The Indians of far-off Florida told me of a kingdom whose ruler was named 'El Dorado' or 'Gilded Man.' Every morning El Dorado re-

ceives a golden bath in which he is covered with pure powdered gold. His land is full of untold riches; gold can be picked up in the streets and precious stones can be found everywhere. If I could only have reached that land, your Majesty would have become the richest ruler of all Europe."

"I am sure the fault is not yours," said the King. "But



Cabeza de Vaca on the March

Spain is in great need of money to pay her armies which are fighting the Moors. It would be a great deed if some Spanish knight were to win this wealth for us."

From among the group of nobles who stood near the throne, there stepped a broad-shouldered knight. He was dressed in a gorgeous doublet of silk, and the jewels that he wore were of great value.

Bowing low to the King he said: "Your Majesty, perhaps I can find the 'Gilded Man' Cabeza de Vaca speaks about. Let me take up the search and I shall bring his wealth to Spain."

"You? Why, Ferdinand de Soto you surprise us," said King Charles. "You are our gayest knight. Surely you do not wish to exchange your life of ease for the hardships of the New World?"

"Yes, my King," said De Soto, "I do wish to go forth to the wilds of Florida. I love the pleasures of your court, but first of all I am a soldier and I long for days of action. Remember, it was in 1519 that I sailed for Haiti and there joined the army which landed in Nicaragua. In conquering that country I fought with all my strength and soon I was made commander of the troops. Then I went with Pizarro to Peru and helped him in his conquest of the Incas. When the fighting was over I returned to Spain with great wealth. But now with all my wealth and gay life I feel the call to arms. My love of adventure bids me try to find this golden kingdom. With your permission, most gracious King, I shall fit out a great expedition at my own expense and one-fifth of all the wealth that I find I shall pour into your treasury."

"You are a brave knight, De Soto," replied the King. "I grant your request, and in return I now appoint you Governor of Cuba and of all Florida. May success attend you!"

The news of De Soto's promise soon spread. Ferdinand de Soto was known far and wide as a brave general and a

brilliant leader. When he began to prepare for the expedition, many adventurers flocked to his standard. They were sure that De Soto would lead them to great wealth. Nine large vessels were equipped, having on board almost three hundred horses, a drove of hogs, provisions, and many fierce bloodhounds. The number of nobles, heavy armed soldiers, and servants amounted to six hundred men. So confident were all of returning with great wealth, that they sang and danced and made merry. To the tinkling of music and amid the sounds of laughter and singing, the great expedition set sail for Cuba.

For a whole year, De Soto and his men rested in Cuba spending their time in idleness and pleasure. But in the early spring De Soto and his expedition headed west and landed on the banks of Florida. The days of pleasure were now over and the great search for El Dorado was begun.

But on their long, weary marches, the Spaniards did not discover any gold nor any kingdom of wonderful treasures. Dressed in their heavy armor, they had to tramp through the thick woods and great swamps of Florida. The mosquitoes attacked them and caused great pain, while the damp air made many sick with malaria. Worst of all the Indians hated De Soto and his men and many times a Spanish soldier would fall dead on the marshy ground, pierced by the arrow of some unseen Indian.

Despite these terrible hardships, De Soto continued his march north through Florida into what is now Georgia. After beholding the Savannah River and failing to find any riches in that quarter, the Spaniards turned their footsteps

toward the Southwest. The journey through Georgia into Alabama was a weary one. The men were tired out, their strength was almost gone; most of their horses had died and the hope of finding any treasure had left many of the soldiers. Two years passed by and instead of treasures only



Explorations of Ponce de León, De Soto, and Coronado

wounds and sickness and death had marked their wanderings.

De Soto and his soldiers were very cruel in their treatment of the Indians. They made the natives their beasts of burden and inflicted dreadful punishments for the slightest disobedience. As a result, the Indians sent word among their tribes that the invaders were coming, and at every step the Spaniards were attacked. The Seminoles hindered them

in their journey through Florida, while in Alabama the Choctaws attempted to stop De Soto. When the Spanish force tried to enter the town of Manila which belonged to the Choctaw chief, Tuscaloosa, a fierce fight took place and many Spaniards were killed and wounded.

From Alabama, De Soto crossed into the present state of Mississippi and there settled down for the winter in a deserted village of the Chickasaw tribe. Here one night in the middle of January, the Chickasaws suddenly attacked the Spaniards. When De Soto and the soldiers awoke in alarm from sleep, they beheld their houses wrapt in flames which were started by the fire-tipped arrows of the natives. In the smoke and confusion the Indians were driven off after a desperate fight. Sadly the soldiers returned to their camp. With heavy hearts, they found that forty men and fifty horses had been killed.

During the rest of that winter, De Soto's force suffered many hardships. Their houses and provisions had been burned in the fight with the Indians, and their clothes destroyed. No longer were they the gay princes and well-dressed warriors. Now their hair was shaggy and unkempt, and rude clothing made from skins covered their bodies. The soldiers wished to return to Cuba; but their brave leader, who was a very stern commander, refused to face about and ordered all to continue in the search for El Dorado.

So, when the spring of 1541 came, De Soto pushed on through the wild country. One day as he marched through the forest he beheld through the trees the bright gleam of a

river. Larger and larger it grew as he approached until its broad expanse stretched out before him.

The Spanish leader stood on the river's bank but his eyes were fixed in a far off gaze upon the opposite side.

"This is the river," said De Soto to his soldiers, "which the Indians called 'Father of Waters.' Perhaps on the other side we will find El Dorado and his riches."

Thus was De Soto the first white man to behold the mighty Mississippi, but his thoughts were not about the great river. Even at the sight of that glorious stream, he still thought of his search for gold.

De Soto and his soldiers crossed the Mississippi in rough boats made from the trees which grew on its bank and began their march through Arkansas. Vainly they sought for the cities of gold which would make them rich, but they found only endless tracts of forest and plain. At last, when their provisions gave out, they turned their steps and marching through Arkansas and Louisiana, they came again to the Mississippi.

As they reached that great river, a mortal illness came upon De Soto and the brave leader knew that never again would he behold his Spanish home or his kinsfolk. Drawing his men about him as he lay weakened with fever, he appointed a leader and bade his men farewell. There in that great wilderness on the banks of the mighty Mississippi which he had discovered, De Soto died.

Fearing, if they were to let the Indians know of the death of their leader, the savages would overwhelm them, the Spaniards resolved to bury their dead commander secretly.

They carved out a hollow trunk for his coffin and in it they placed De Soto's body. As the stars overhead kept their midnight watch, the Spanish soldiers paddled from the shore and slowly lowered their dead leader into the river's depths and made the stream his grave.

Love of gold and adventure led De Soto to make a weary march across many miles of unknown land with dangers on all sides. At its end he found no El Dorado nor fabled treasure, and he died thinking his attempt was a failure. But in discovering the Mississippi, De Soto performed a far greater work and made the river a monument to his name.

After their leader's death, De Soto's men floated down the Mississippi and after many trials and great hardships were greeted in welcome by their countrymen in the Spanish colony in Mexico. Four years had passed since the brilliant expedition left Spain to find vast wealth. Of the great number who set out, only a few weary soldiers returned. Out of seeming failure great good often comes. So it was that out of De Soto's failure to find riches came the discovery of the Mississippi and a better knowledge of the land from which has been formed seven great states of our Union.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
“ This is my own, my native land!”
Whose heart hath ne’er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?

If such there breathe, go, mark him well!
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,—
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

Sir Walter Scott

THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO

1519

IN the ancient capitol of Mexico, all was at peace. The city of the Aztecs was built on the waters of a salty lake and like olden Venice, many of its streets were waterways and canals. Along these canals, gayly-decked boats glided up and down, laden with flowers and fruit, while the boatmen sang the low, sad songs of the Aztecs.

No longer did the people fear, but worked at their daily tasks in peace. A few days before, messengers had brought the news that white-faced strangers had landed on the coast. Their ships had large white sails and the strangers carried with them lightning and thunder. When this report was told, there was great fear, for the people of the city thought that the strangers were gods who had come to destroy them. Then later came other panting messengers who brought the glad tidings that the white-faced strangers had sailed away from the coast.

On a western hill of the capital stood the royal palace of Montezuma, the Emperor of Mexico. It was a wonderful building of shining onyx and jasper which gleamed in the sunlight. Beautiful flowers and shrubs grew on all sides about it, while in the large gardens were many birds brought from every part of the Empire. So many were there —

scarlet cardinals, parrots, humming birds, and golden pheasants—that three hundred servants were needed to attend to them. Besides these songsters and birds of plumage, there were birds of prey—hawks, vultures, and bald eagles from the far-off mountain-tops. In another part of the gardens, deep basins could be seen where many different kinds of fish swam about, while in another direction could be heard the cries of caged beasts which had been captured in the woods and jungles of Mexico.

Within the magnificent palace, the walls were hung with rich curtains. Bronze and golden statues stood about while the cedar wood of the rafters sent a sweet perfume through the air.

In a large hall of the palace, Montezuma was seated before a low table as the great nobles of his country waited upon him with food. The dishes were made of the finest Mexican workmanship yet Montezuma never used the same dishes a second time, but gave them away to his servants. After the nobles had laid before their Emperor the meats and fish, pretty maidens brought in sweet-tasting dishes of pastry which Montezuma enjoyed while drinking his chocolate. Then came a servant carrying water in a silver basin in which Montezuma washed his fingers.

Pipes were now brought and while the Emperor smoked fragrant tobacco, his jester and jugglers played tricks for his amusement. Montezuma was pleased with their antics but soon he grew sleepy. Just as his eyes closed, a messenger clad in rough mantle and with bare feet entered suddenly.



Montezuma and Cortez

"Speak," said the Emperor, very angry at being disturbed.

Bowing low, the messenger began to speak. "The white faced strangers have come again. Two hundred miles away at Vera Cruz, they have landed. Their leader desires to march on to your great city."

"Alas! Alas!" said the Emperor in alarm. "They must not come. Tell them the way is dangerous. Bring them presents, but tell them Montezuma wishes them to depart. Go! I will speak with my wise men."

Bowing again, the messenger left. Soon messengers, carrying gifts, were hurrying to the camp of the Spaniards at Vera Cruz. They brought with them a helmet filled with gold, two large discs of gold, and great quantities of cloth and feathers woven in beautiful designs.

Straight across the country of Mexico ran the messengers. The Aztecs had no horses, but their messengers were fleet of foot; and when one had run a certain distance he stopped, and another continued the journey, just as boys to-day run their relay-races. So swiftly could the messengers run, that fish swimming in the Atlantic on one day could be caught and served the next day before Montezuma who was over two hundred miles away!

At last the messenger came to the Spanish camp. Straightway he went to the tent of the commander, Cortez. He was a noble-looking soldier with kind eyes, yet stern and proud in his bearing.

"I bring you gifts," said the messengers. "Our gracious Emperor desires you to receive them and depart to your own country. The way to the city is dangerous."

"Give my thanks to your King," replied Cortez, as he took the gifts. "In return, I shall give you gifts to carry to your Emperor."

The Spanish general gave the messenger presents that were of no great value, and some trinkets of glass to carry to Montezuma.

When the Spaniards saw the gold, their eyes opened in wonder. They had set out for treasure and never before had they beheld so much at one time. All thoughts of returning home left them, and Cortez and his men resolved to set out for the Capital of Mexico. Such an expedition through three hundred miles of unknown country was a dangerous one. So that no one could retreat, Cortez sank all his ships off the Atlantic coast. With about seven hundred soldiers, fourteen small cannon, and sixteen horses, Cortez left Vera Cruz and began the long march to Mexico.

As the troops marched through the country, the natives knelt in worship, because they thought the Spaniards were descendants of the sun-god who had left Mexico in the early ages. When they saw the men riding the cavalry horses, the Aztecs fled in terror. They had never beheld a horse before, and they thought rider and horse formed some terrible, strange animal.

At times the natives formed in battle-line in vast numbers to attack the marching soldiers, but the noise and fire of the Spanish guns and cannon terrified them and sent them fleeing in every direction. When some of the chiefs saw how powerful were the Spaniards, they joined the army of Cortez and marched with the Spanish troops to Mexico.

So many natives wished to help the Spaniards in their conquests that the number of soldiers increased to sixteen hundred men.

After many battles in which Cortez was always victorious, the Spanish army arrived at the walls of Mexico, November 8, 1519. Montezuma feared to attack them but met the troops at the gates of the city. He welcomed Cortez and,



Cortez Marching to Mexico

conducting him to his palace, gave him a large building in which the troops might live.

The Spanish soldiers marveled at the size of the city. Its houses were made of cement with flat roofs where flowers were planted. A great street, or causeway, led through the city, while the canals were crossed by many bridges which could be raised or lowered.

They found that the Aztecs worked in copper and tin but did not realize the use of iron. The natives were dressed in bright garments of cotton with capes of feathers. They also wore ornaments of gold and silver.

In the center of the city were the twenty great temples. Here the Aztecs worshiped idols of bronze and stone. The temples were rich in gold and silver, and on the top of the highest there was a large stone upon which human beings were killed as sacrifices to the gods. When Cortez heard of this cruel practice, he resolved to prevent the Aztecs from killing any more people.

Cortez and his little army were all alone in the great city. They had no place to which to retreat if they were attacked and Cortez realized that if the natives engaged his men in battle, his small force would be overcome by their great numbers. So he resolved to do a daring thing in order to prevent any danger. He would make Montezuma a prisoner in his own city!

In a province outside of the city, a Spanish soldier had been killed in a quarrel. Cortez made out that he was very angry, and with an armed guard he went to the palace of Montezuma.

"Gracious Emperor," said Cortez, "one of my Spanish soldiers has been killed by your subjects. I demand the men who killed him. Besides, in order that no one else be killed, I request that you surrender yourself to our forces."

Cortez knew that when the Emperor was his prisoner, the Aztecs would not dare to attack the Spanish soldiers.

When Montezuma heard the words of Cortez, his face became white as death.

"When was such a thing ever heard of," exclaimed Montezuma, "as that a great prince like myself should voluntarily leave his own palace to become the prisoner of strangers?"

But Cortez was very firm and demanded the Emperor as a prisoner. Montezuma pleaded for his liberty. "I will give my son and two daughters. I am the Emperor. I cannot go."

The Spanish general refused his request, and for two hours the ruler of the Mexicans pleaded. At last a Spanish nobleman exclaimed: "Why do we waste words on this barbarian? We have gone too far to withdraw now. Let us seize him and if he resist, plunge our swords into his body."

Alarmed at these words, the unhappy Emperor looked about in vain for sympathy. When he saw the soldiers of Cortez, his courage failed him. In a voice that was sad and weak, he said, "I will go." Had he been brave, he would have called his servants about him and died fighting rather than surrender. But his spirit was weak, and with bowed head he left the palace of his forefathers, never to return.

With Montezuma in his power, Cortez grew bolder. His men sought for treasure everywhere even in the sacred temples. The actions of the soldiers angered the Aztecs, and soon mutterings of discontent were heard throughout the city.

In 1520, a force of Spaniards sent by the Governor of Cuba, landed at Vera Cruz to capture Cortez and make him a prisoner. With a small force, Cortez hastened from the capital to Vera Cruz in order to conquer his Spanish enemies. When he departed he left part of his army in Mexico in the command of Alvarado.

But Alvarado could not control his men, and soon the soldiers and natives were quarreling. The Aztecs hated the cruel and greedy Spaniards who were robbing their homes and their temples. They hated their Emperor, too, because he was a friend of the Spaniards.

Five months passed, when one day the soldiers of Alvarado cruelly killed many Mexicans in a quarrel. With terrible fury the Mexicans roused themselves to action, and when Cortez returned after making peace with the Spanish force from Cuba, he found that a fierce war had begun.

In great numbers the natives attacked the Spanish quarters. Hoping to quiet his people, Montezuma addressed them in the public square. Their hatred was intense, and they refused to follow his advice. When he stopped talking, the natives hurled stones at their Emperor whom they once had loved. Montezuma was struck down and carried away wounded. His proud spirit was broken by shame, and tears of sorrow ran down his cheeks. He grew weaker and weaker and at last died dishonored by his own people and a prisoner in the hands of strangers.

The Spanish soldiers could no longer resist the attack of the Aztecs and on the night of July 1st, 1520, Cortez and his soldiers attempted to steal out of Mexico. It was

midnight, and a drizzling rain fell from the dark heavens. Noiselessly, the Spaniards marched along the causeway which led out of the city. Suddenly their steps were heard



Cortez in Armor

by an Aztec sentinel. Boom-boom! Boom-boom! Across the dead silence of the night came the booming of the war-drum, calling the natives to battle. Before the Spanish troops had crossed the first bridge, the Aztecs were upon

them. The natives fought with insane fury as they flung themselves upon the Spaniards. Soon the air was filled with the cries and groans of the wounded and dying. The small force of the Spaniards went down before the vast number of the Aztecs; but, fighting for their very lives, they battled their way outside the walls of the city.

When the morning broke, Cortez collected his defeated troops and as he beheld their thinned and broken ranks his eyes were filled with tears. Four hundred and fifty men had been killed, most of the horses slain, and his baggage and provisions destroyed. So terrible had been the battle that the Spaniards called that night "The Sorrowful Night."

But Cortez had an iron will and great courage. He rested outside the city and waited for more troops from Cuba. Many tribes that had been at war with the Aztecs flocked to his standard. When his army numbered a hundred thousand natives and eleven hundred Spanish soldiers, Cortez began an attack on the city. For three months the brave Aztecs defended Mexico; but when their walls were battered down by the cannon and many had been killed, the Aztec chief surrendered. In triumph, Cortez again entered the city in August 1521.

For many years Cortez ruled as the Emperor of Mexico. He established a new government and taught the natives the use of iron. He also helped them develop the mines and prevented any more sacrifices of human beings. Under his rule much wealth was brought to Spain which continued to own Mexico until 1821.

In 1540 Cortez returned to Spain. His enemies had told the King that Cortez was not a loyal subject. Although Cortez had made the King very rich by the conquest of Mexico, the conqueror was coldly received. Because of this ungrateful treatment, Cortez left the court and went on no more expeditions. In conquering Mexico, Cortez won for himself a brilliant record as a leader and general. His name will forever be spoken with the name of Mexico.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light:
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Joseph Rodman Drake

THE CONQUEST OF PERU

1532

"A SHIP! a ship!" went up the cry from the starving Spanish sailors on the shores of the island of Gallo, which lies off the northwestern coast of South America.

"We are saved!" they shouted with joy. "Here comes our ship from Panama bringing new supplies."

For many weeks they had waited for the coming of their ship. In their search for the famous cities of gold, they had landed on the island of Gallo, and had sent back their boat to Panama for more supplies. Then while they waited, the tropical rains began. All day long, for many dreary days, the rain fell and a large number of the men grew sick and died from fever. Their food was soon gone and all they could find to eat was the berries of the woods and the shell-fish on the shore. Weak and trembling from hunger, the starving sailors waited and watched for the vessel that should bring them help and food. Their stout-hearted leader, Pizarro, tried to encourage them by telling of the vast wealth they would find; but many were discouraged and longed to return to the Spanish settlements at Panama whence they had come. But now at last their trials were over. Their ship had returned.

When the small boats from the ship had landed, Pizarro

and his men were surprised to find a stranger in command of the vessel. When it had sailed away, Pizarro's companion, Almagro, was captain.

With a stern air, the captain of the vessel approached Pizarro. "I am sent," he said, "by the governor of Panama to arrest you, Pizarro. He is tired of this wild-goose chase. Three times you have set out for the rich cities of the South and each time you have failed. He orders you and all your men to return to Panama."

Many of Pizarro's men were glad to hear this for they were disappointed and wished to return home. But Pizarro was a rough warrior who would never give up the search. Drawing his sword, he marked a line running east and west on the shore. His face was set and stern. Turning to his men, he spoke in a tone that thrilled them. "To the south," he said, pointing with his sword, "there is danger and glory. To the north lie ease and safety. Let each man choose for himself. I go south!"

He stepped across the line. A murmur passed through the men standing together, and sixteen brave and resolute soldiers strode across the line and joined their leader. The others refused to continue the perilous journey and returned in the ship to Panama.

When the vessel had sailed away, Pizarro and his small force left the island of Gallo on a raft which they had made, and paddled to the island of Gorgona which lies north of Gallo. Here they decided to wait, hoping that the governor might change his mind and send them a new ship with more men and supplies. Shell-fish were their only food

except when some sailor was lucky enough to shoot a passing bird. They had waited seven long months when at last another ship arrived.

Pizarro and his men went on board and sailed along the coast. In the country called Peru they landed and discovered large cities where gold and silver abounded. The golden kingdom was found at last! The Spanish sailors were surprised to see so much wealth and civilization. In the cities they found great temples which were built of huge stones where precious gold and silver ornaments hung on the walls. The Peruvians were a short, brown-skinned people with black hair. They labored in the fields raising corn, potatoes, and fruits, or worked in the cities weaving cloth or making pottery and ornaments of gold, silver, and bronze.

The people wore garments of the finest weaving made from the wool of a native animal called the alpaca. They had no horses but used the queer-looking llamas to carry burdens. Their emperor was called the Inca; he dwelt in the capital, Cuzco, a great city of three thousand inhabitants. This was the "Holy City" and here was the enormous Temple of the Sun which gleamed with gold and silver. The buildings were made of huge stones which thousands of natives had dragged from the mountains with ropes. One stone was so heavy that twenty thousand natives could not drag it to its place and they called it the "Tired Stone" because, they said, it became tired and would not go on any further.

When Pizarro saw the great wealth of Peru, he hastened to return to Spain. There he obtained help from Charles V,

and with Almagro and about two hundred men and fifty horses he set sail again for Peru. This time he meant to conquer the people of Peru and seize their wealth.

In the spring of 1532, Pizarro landed in Peru. A great war had been raging among the Peruvians; and just when the Spaniards landed on the coast, Atahualpa, a strong chieftain, won a great victory. As his army proclaimed him the emperor of all Peru and placed on his head a crimson cap that made him the Inca, a messenger hurried through the crowded ranks.

"I bring you news," the messenger said. "Strangers have landed on our coast. They carry thunderbolts in their hands and ride great beasts that are stronger than our llamas."

Atahualpa and his army were greatly surprised. "They must be gods," the Inca replied. "Let my brave general, Titu, depart and visit the strangers and tell them of my friendship."

At the command of the Emperor, Titu journeyed to meet the Spaniards. When he beheld them carrying their guns and riding their horses, he bowed low in reverence, for he thought that the Spanish soldiers were gods of the sky.

Pizarro received Titu in kindly manner and resolved to march up the mountains to the camp of the Inca. The way was a long one and led from the coast up into the heart of the Andes. But this journey was not as difficult as it might seem, for the Peruvians had built wonderful roads which ran through the length of their country. They were about

twenty-five feet wide and very level. As the soldiers marched along they passed over deep valleys and high mountains, through gorges cut in the rocks, along the edge of snow-capped ranges and by the rushing waters of the mountain rivers. The people of Peru did not build bridges like ours but the deep valleys were crossed by swaying bridges made of ropes on which boards were placed for the foot-way. As the heavy soldiers stepped across, the slender bridges would swing and sway in the wind, while miles below stretched the silvery band of a river.

After the march up the mountains, Pizarro entered the city of Caxamarea where the Inca had his camp. The houses of the city were made of brick with roofs of straw, or of rough stones placed upon each other without cement. On a hill overlooking the town the Spanish soldiers beheld the great army of the Inca. The native soldiers wore doublets of cotton and carried either leather shields and lances or clubs.

When Pizarro beheld the great number of watch-fires gleaming in the night, he became aware that the Inca's army numbered many thousands of soldiers while the Spanish troops were few. But the crafty Spanish leader knew that the natives feared him because they thought he was a god. This knowledge gave him courage so he resolved to capture their emperor and then rob them of their gold and silver treasures.

A meeting between the Inca and the Spaniards was arranged to take place next day. When day broke, the Inca entered the square of the city with a large guard. He ex-

pected to meet Pizarro and his men, but no Spaniard could be seen anywhere.

Finally a Spanish priest was seen approaching. After reading a long message he saluted the Inca and handed him a Bible. The Inca looked at it for a moment and then threw it on the ground. At that instant the war-cry "Santiago!" rang out, and from concealed places the Spanish soldiers rushed upon the surprised natives. The guns of the Spaniards terrified the Peruvians and they fled headlong before the rush of the horses. A terrible scene followed. The Inca was taken prisoner, and so successful was the attack that his army of fifty thousand men was put to flight by Pizarro and his two hundred men.

The natives were now sure that the Spaniards were gods and in fear they did not attempt to rescue their ruler. But Atahualpa, the Inca, begged to be freed. Appealing to Pizarro, he pleaded to be released. His prison was a room twenty-two feet long and seventeen feet wide. Making a mark on the wall as high as he could reach, the Inca exclaimed: "I will fill this room as high as that mark with gold if you will only set me free."

Pizarro opened his eyes in wonder. "You shall be free, Atahualpa, if you do as you promise. But this treasure must be collected in two months."

The Inca agreed and soon gold came pouring in from the temples and homes of the loyal natives. It took a long time to collect so great a treasure; in the meantime, Pizarro with small forces of twenty or thirty men would ride miles through the country, destroying the images and seizing the

gold and silver ornaments from the temples of the Incas. But the people of Peru, though they saw their churches invaded and their treasures stolen, did nothing to hinder the Spaniards, for they thought the soldiers must be gods to be able to destroy the wooden and clay idols of the Inca's gods.

When the treasure was collected, the gold in the room of Atahualpa amounted to over fifteen million dollars. The greedy Spaniards seized this and divided it amongst themselves. But when Atahualpa asked for his freedom, Pizarro refused his request.

"I have paid my ransom," said the Inca; "you have received the gold. Now let me go in peace."

"You cannot go," answered the cruel Pizarro. "You have plotted to wage war against us. Now you must die."

In vain did the Inca plead with the hard-hearted Spaniards. They had obtained his gold and now they wanted his life. Into the public square the soldiers led the weeping Inca to his death. As the evening sun was setting, the proud Inca was hanged by the cruel, wicked Spaniards.

Pizarro now gained control over the natives who were terrified at the death of their emperor. Leaving the city, he marched south through Peru to the capital, Cuzco. On the way, all the temples and public buildings were plundered and stripped of their ornaments.

The stories of the Inca's wealth brought many Spaniards to Peru, and soon a new city named Lima sprang up on the Pacific coast. The Spaniards continued to explore the vast country but the natives watched them closely. When they found in 1533 that the Spanish soldiers were not gods, they

resolved to wage war against them and win back their land from the cruel invaders.

From far and near, the natives secretly gathered a large army. With terrific force and suddenness the Peruvians burst upon the city of Cuzco. With only their leather shields and their clubs the natives fought at a terrible disadvantage, yet so fierce was their attack that for six months the Spaniards were held prisoners in the city. But the native army finally weakened before the deadly shots of the Spanish cannon and in a great battle thousands of the Peruvians were slain. This defeat broke the power of the Incas and ended their rule forever.

For many years Pizarro governed Peru. He imported seeds and vegetables from Europe, worked the gold and silver mines, and subdued the different tribes until the Spanish rule was extended throughout the land of the Incas.

But Pizarro was a rude and severe commander. He was an ignorant soldier who was never generous or kind, and so he made many bitter enemies. So intensely was he hated, that in 1541 a party of men whom he had ill treated burst in upon him while he was at dinner. He was an old man now but still very strong. Swinging his sword he laid low several of the assassins. But the others closed in upon him and a sword was plunged into his body.

Thus died Pizarro, a cruel but brave soldier who swept a whole nation before him by his great courage, and won for Spain the mighty empire of the Incas.

MAGELLAN AND THE VOYAGE OF THE “VICTORIA”

1519

IN the dark, slanting shadows of the wharf, two men, armed with long daggers, crouched in waiting. The night air was still, except for the splish-splash of the waves against the dock.

“T is very well to say, ‘Be sure and kill him,’ ” said one of the hiding men to his companion, “but how shall I be able to recognize him?”

“That will be easy,” the other replied. “They tell me Magellan fought against the Moors in Morocco and there received a wound in the knee. Now he walks lame and you will be able to recognize him by his limp. But be careful, for he is very strong, having been in many battles with the Malays in Malacca. We must kill this Portuguese nobleman; for, though our King would not help him in his search for a western passage to India, he is jealous because Magellan came to Spain and received help there. Now our Majesty wishes to put an end to this expedition, which sails in two days. So when you see him, strike and strike hard.”

“That I will do,” said the first, “but tell me what mean these piles of boxes? Surely the provisions are already on board.”

"Yes, the provisions are on board," explained his companion. "These boxes contain bells—twenty thousand little brass bells, I heard a sailor say. Besides these, Magellan is taking five hundred pounds of glass beads to exchange for spices in India. He knows—"



*Ferdinandus Magellanus Martius & decimat
vnde datus est nomen Longo latere Serato.*

Ferdinand Magellan

"S-sh! some one is coming," interrupted his friend, pointing to a tall heavy-limbed man who was coming slowly down the dock. The breeze from the sea gently waved his long hair, and as he walked he dragged one leg along.

"Magellan!" whispered the hidden men.

In the twinkling of an eye the men leaped from the shadows. The patter of

their feet on the wooden dock caused Magellan to look around. He turned in time to see the long blade of a dagger flash down upon him. Quickly he sidestepped the blow and shot out his powerful arm. With terrific force his fist struck the chin of the assassin, and he crumpled down on the dock in a heap. The other assassin, in running to the attack had tripped. Before he could recover his balance, Magellan was upon him. The struggle was brief, and with his strong arms Magellan overpowered him.

When Magellan looked down on the faces of the men who had tried to kill him, his countenance was sad.

"Alas! Alas!" he said. "My own king refuses me help and now tries to prevent Spain from coming to my assistance by sending my countrymen of Portugal to slay me just when I am about to sail. The dangers I must face at sea are great, indeed, for the five boats are old and worn out. But in spite of all these trials, I will succeed."

Even after he had turned the two assassins over to the night-watch and was limping away, he kept muttering: "I will succeed. I will succeed."

When preparations were completed, Magellan sailed from Spain, September 20th, 1519, with his five worn-out ships and a crew of two hundred and seventy men. He thought the new world was a large island and that perhaps he might find a strait through which he could sail to India. So he steered his ships towards the Southwest. The fleet had hardly passed from the sight of land when there came a calm. For three long weeks the sails flapped idly at their masts, awaiting the coming of the wind. Then with a whirling rush it came and tossed the vessels about in the storm and sent the waves splashing high over their decks. With great difficulty the ships weathered the gales, and after a weary voyage of two months Magellan and his crew landed on the shores of Brazil.

Still eager to find the strait which should lead them to India, the Spanish sailors continued their journey along the coast until they came to the broad mouth of the Rio de la Plata.

"Here is the strait at last," exclaimed Magellan to his pilot. "Steer the ship through to the ocean which must lie on the other side."

The Spanish fleet, headed by Magellan's flagship the "Victoria," entered the great river. On its banks the sailors saw great palm and cocoanut trees. Monkeys were swinging in the branches, and the noise of their chatter mingled with the calls of bright-colored birds.



Magellan's Voyage around the Globe

As they were gazing with delight at the strange sights, a sailor informed Magellan that the water of the river was no longer salty. A look of disappointment came upon the face of Magellan and he shook his head.

"Since the water is no longer salty," he said, "we are not on a strait connecting two oceans. This is some large inland river. We must turn about."

So the vessels turned and sailing down the river to its mouth journeyed south along the shore of South America. As they proceeded, the days grew shorter and shorter. The winds brought the stings of winter with them, and soon the

cold grew so intense that the sailors could hardly handle the ropes and sails which were frozen stiff with spray. They were now in the grasp of the Antarctic winter which takes place at the time of our summer.

The storms grew worse, and each day the supply of provisions ran lower. The sailors were fearful lest the ships be wrecked and all hands perish, and they murmured against Magellan. In the month of March 1520, Magellan was forced by the severity of the weather to turn his fleet into a sheltered cove, called Port Julien, on the coast of Patagonia. There he spent the winter.

With the coming of spring in August, Magellan continued his voyage. During the whole of September they sailed south but found no break in the coast. On October 20th, they entered a narrow passage with mountains rising on both sides. This waterway, which is now known as the Strait of Magellan, was crooked and dangerous and always swept by gales and storms. So perilous seemed the journey that the captain and crew of one of Magellan's ships lost heart and deserted rather than make the trip through the choppy waters of the strait. Another vessel was wrecked and left to rot on the rocky shore. With only three ships, Magellan battled on, and after five weeks, passed from the stormy strait to the waters of a peaceful ocean. In great joy, Magellan gazed upon the quiet sea and because it was so calm, he called it the Pacific Ocean.

The Spaniards thought that the Pacific was a narrow stretch of water beyond which lay India. They did not realize the immense size of the globe and thought that

a journey of a day or two would bring them to the lands of the East.

Thinking that he would soon reach India, Magellan steered his fleet now toward the Northwest. His expedition was poorly prepared for the voyage across the Pacific. He had only a small quantity of fresh water and provisions. Yet with great daring they set sail across the three thousand miles of the ocean. Day after day slipped by, the days became weeks and the weeks months, yet no land appeared. The provisions grew ever scarcer until the last scrap of food was gone. The sailors were faint with hunger; their strength left them and they dragged their thin, weak bodies about, looking everywhere for food. So desperate did they become, that they ate the leather that was wrapped about the ropes. This was tough and gave little nourishment. Nineteen sailors dropped from hunger and did not rise again, while countless others grew deadly sick.

Gaunt and grim with determination, Magellan guided the ships. He could not turn back, for that meant death. Each day he strained his eyes in search for land; each day he was disappointed. At last on March 6th, 1521, a shout of joy went up from the boats. Land at last! They were saved!

The natives of the islands to which the ships had come, flocked on board bringing baskets of fruit, spices and vegetables. The hungry sailors gladly exchanged their brass bells for the oranges and melons which seemed so delicious after the terrible days of starving. But the natives were very wicked and stole many things when the Spaniards were

not watching. When Magellan was leaving he called the newly found islands the "Ladrones" or "Islands of the Thieves" because the natives stole so many articles from the ships.

After a voyage of almost two weeks Magellan came to a group of islands which are known to-day as the Philip-



Magellan Lands in the Philippines

pines. The King of the island of Cebu was kind to Magellan and his men, but the people of the other islands did not like the Spaniards. A serious battle between the inhabitants and the Spanish sailors took place, and Magellan was wounded and soon afterwards died. Magellan's men were heartbroken at the death of their leader. When they asked the King of Cebu for his body, he refused, and they

were forced to depart without giving their brave commander a fitting burial.

Elcano now commanded the expedition; but before sailing west the sailors found one of the ships to be unseaworthy and burned it on the beach. Only two were now left and the captain and the crew of one of the remaining vessels refused to sail on the dangerous voyage to Spain and returned to Panama. Of these fifty-four men who sailed to Panama only four ever reached Spain.

Elcano and his crew on board Magellan's flagship, the "Victoria," determined to continue their journey round the world. They sailed southwest to the Molucca Islands and bartered their bells and beads for the spices of the islands. Then, the "Victoria" set her sails for the voyage homeward round the Cape of Good Hope and up the coast of Africa to Spain.

The final voyage was as terrible as the one across the Pacific. Sickness and starvation came upon the crew and carried away many of their number. Beatriz, the wife of Magellan with her little son Rodrigo, had accompanied her husband through all the perils of the journey. Saddened by his death, she would roam about the deck helping the sailors who were ill. But her sorrows were soon ended. The mother and her little child grew ill and died before the vessel reached the shores of Spain.

On September 26th, 1522, after a three years' absence, the storm-battered "Victoria"—the first ship to circle the globe, slowly sailed into the Spanish harbor. Its long

voyage was over. Of her crew of two hundred and seventy men only thirty-one sick and worn-out sailors returned.

Magellan, like many other heroes, died before he saw the result of his efforts. But his work was not in vain for the expedition begun by Magellan proved that the earth was round and that its size was far beyond the idea common among men. His journey also showed that America was not an island but a great continent and that sailing west was not the shortest way to India.

We know no North, nor South, nor West;
One Union binds us all;
Its stars and stripes are o'er us flung,—
'Neath them we'll stand or fall.

Anon

DRAKE'S VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD

1577

It was in the year 1577 and out in the harbor of Plymouth, England, that five large vessels were riding at anchor waiting for the order to sail. The largest was called the "Pelican" and on this ship two sailors stood talking.

"Is this your first voyage with Drake?" asked the first sailor.

"Yes," replied the other, "I heard so much about Drake and his great fights with the Spaniards that I asked to join his expedition. But where are we going?"

"I do not know," said the first sailor. "Some think we are going to Egypt. I heard, too, that we are sailing to America. But wherever we go, you'll see lots of fighting and plenty of gold. There isn't a more daring leader than our Admiral Drake and the Spaniards just hate and fear him. You know Drake sailed under Sir John Hawkins and one day the Spaniards attacked the English after they had promised Sir John that they would not. In the fight Hawkins lost four boats. This made Hawkins pretty mad as he had just sold a number of slaves and the gold he received for them was lost in the ships that were sunk. Ever since then Drake had hated the Spaniards and has captured

their treasure-ships. He had robbed so many Spanish boats of their gold that Spain has asked our good Queen Bess to hand Drake over for punishment. Of course our Queen refused and some say she is helping Drake fit out this ex-



Sir Francis Drake

pedition. For you know England is not friendly with Spain now. But I long for a good fight. We sail very soon. Why, here comes the Admiral now!"

The sailors stood at attention. Up the ship's side came Admiral Drake with some officers. He was not very tall and was dressed in a rich suit of silken top-coat and cloak

and knee breeches. His shoes were low and he wore silk stockings. A large ruffle of white was about his neck while a thin sword swung at his side. His hair was brown and his beard pointed and long. Walking past the sailors, who saluted, he entered his cabin which was like a rich man's home. The chairs and table were made of carved, polished wood; and gold and silver ornaments adorned the room.

Turning to his captain, Drake said: "Captain Winter, the expedition sails at five o'clock. Please give the orders to the fleet."

"Ay! ay! Sir," said Captain John Winter.

At five o'clock the signal went forth and soon the decks of the boats were filled with sailors getting the sails into place. Pulleys were creaking, chains were rattling, and orders were being shouted by the officers. The large white sails were at last all up, and at five o'clock on November 15, 1577, Drake's ships sailed from the harbor of Plymouth. Toward the South they sailed until they reached the coast of Africa. Here at different times they met with a number of Spanish caravels which they captured. As yet Drake did not tell the sailors whither the expedition was bound. When the Cape Verde Islands were reached, the Admiral told his crews that he intended to sail around South America to the Pacific Ocean and to plunder the treasure-ships of the Spaniards which he would find there.

When the supplies were on board, the fleet left the Cape Verde Islands and crossed the Atlantic to Brazil. Drake sailed down the coast of South America but as he went further south, the storms grew worse. So terrific were the

winds and waves that Drake decided to spend the winter at Port St. Julien, just as Magellan had done years before. From June until August the English sailors lived in huts and tents at Port St. Julien. While they were in this camp a plot was formed to kill Drake.

When Drake heard of this plot, he called his officers together. "There is a person amongst us," said the Admiral, "who is planning to kill me. I thought he was my friend and I trusted him, but he has worked very hard to slay me and ruin our success. What shall I do with him?"

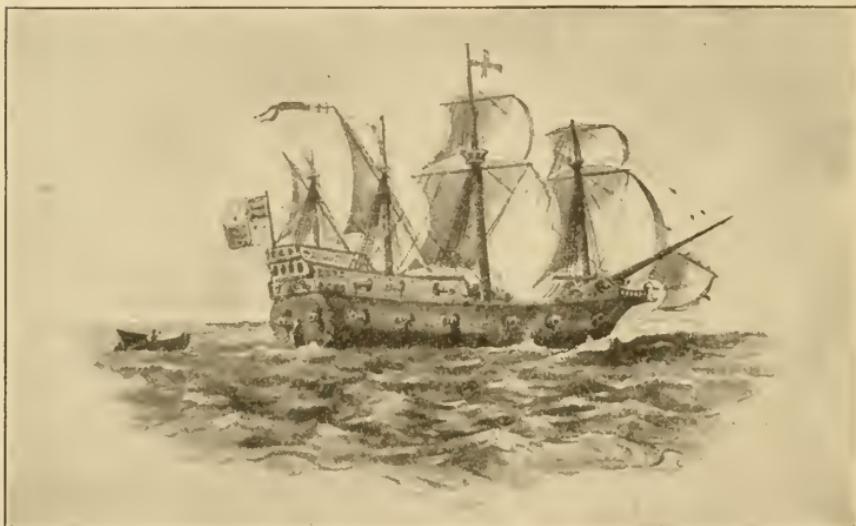
The officers were very much surprised for they thought that all the crew loved their leader. "Let him die!" they cried, "let him die!"

The guilty man, who was already a prisoner, was hanged; and peace was restored in the camp. When the ships were reloaded with water and provisions, Drake and his crew left Port St. Julien, and in August 1578 they entered the Strait of Magellan. Just as the boats sailed into the narrow passage, Drake held a little ceremony in honor of Queen Elizabeth. He ordered the sails lowered half way while a sermon was preached. Then Drake changed the name of the "Pelican" to the "Golden Hind." After this ceremony the English sailed on through the channel and in two weeks came to the Pacific. It took Magellan over five weeks to make the same journey.

As the English vessels entered the Pacific Ocean, a fierce storm burst upon them. For fifty-two days the winds swept the sea and tossed the ships about. When the storm died

down, out of the five ships, only one remained. This was the "Golden Hind."

In this sturdy boat, Drake sailed slowly up the coast of South America. Wherever there was a harbor, the English entered it and took whatever they pleased. The Spaniards never expected to see an English ship on the Pacific and were too frightened to fight. At one of the stopping-places,



Drake's Ship, "The Golden Hind"

Drake's men found a Spaniard who had fallen asleep while guarding a pile of gold and silver bars. The sailors did not wake him but quietly took the treasure and laughingly stole away to their ships. Many towns did they plunder and many Spanish boats laden with silver and gold were captured and stripped of their cargoes.

Sailing into the harbor of Arica, Drake beheld a beautiful Spanish town whose people were busy in mining and com-

merce. Before the Spaniards could recover from their surprise, Drake attacked their ships and easily captured them. Two of the boats were treasure-ships and contained over forty bars of silver. Each bar weighed about twenty pounds. Drake seized this treasure and sailed to Lima, the largest Spanish port in Peru. While on the way, he captured two Spanish vessels filled with silver and fine linen.

In the stillness of night, Drake entered the harbor of Lima. Over thirty Spanish ships were at anchor. Drake was very daring and sailed into the midst of them. The Spaniards were so alarmed at the sudden appearance of the "Golden Hind," that they did not resist the English.

Drake searched every ship but did not find any gold or silver. From a captive he heard that a ship laden with treasure had left two weeks before for Panama. The Admiral resolved to pursue this ship and capture it.

Although the treasure-ship which was called the "Spitfire," had a start of two weeks, Drake was sure of catching up with it. He even stopped to visit three ports on the way and capture rich booty. Then he set out in earnest to capture the "Spitfire." A heavy golden chain was offered to the sailor who first beheld her. Slowly but surely the "Golden Hind" caught up with the slow-sailing Spanish ship. The race grew hotter and hotter. Two days now separated the English from the treasure. The distance grew shorter and shorter. Just as the "Golden Hind" passed Cape Francis, John Drake, the young son of the Admiral called out, "A sail! A sail! It is the 'Spitfire.' Hurrah! I win the golden chain."

Admiral Drake looked through his sea-glass and said: " You are right, my boy, it is the ' Spitfire,' but we must not go alongside until night. Let heavy casks be dragged along from the stern to slow up our speed."

This was done but as darkness came over the ocean, the casks were cut away and the " Golden Hind " sprang forward to the attack.

A single shot rang out across the bow of the " Spitfire " and the Spaniards surrendered.

For six days the two ships sailed side by side while the treasure was taken from the " Spitfire." Never had the English captured so rich a prize. The Spanish vessel was loaded with fruit, sugar, meats, and supplies; but greatest of all was the treasure. It consisted of many bags of precious stones, thirteen chests of golden dollars, eighty pounds of gold, and twenty-six tons of



Sir Francis Drake.
(With autograph.)

silver. This plunder amounted to over ten million dollars not counting the precious jewels!

Drake's success now alarmed the Spaniards and his name spread throughout all South America. Not a Spanish vessel dared to leave its port on the Pacific for fear of Drake.

But Drake was anxious to return home as he had a vast

amount of treasure. He could not sail around South America as the Spaniards were watching for him with large fleets. As he was now north of the equator, he decided to find the Northwest Passage to England.

He said: "If we should find a northwest passage, not only should we be doing a great service to our Queen but we could thereby return all the sooner to our homes which we long to see again. So let us find a place in which to repair our ship and then sail joyously homeward."

Drake reached what is now Vancouver but the cold became so great and the fogs so dense that he gave up the search for a northwest passage and returned along the coast. The "Golden Hind" began to leak and Drake entered what is now the bay of San Francisco. The natives worshiped the English because they thought Drake and his men were strange gods.

When the crew landed, Drake set up a large post upon which he nailed a brass plate. Upon the plate was engraved the name of Queen Elizabeth, the date of the "Golden Hind's" arrival and the name of Admiral Drake. Drake placed a picture of Queen Bess on the post and stuck a six-pence in a hole made in the brass plate. "I name this land New Albion," said Drake, "and since no Spaniard has set foot here, I claim this country in the name of Elizabeth, Queen of England."

On July 23rd, 1578, Drake left San Francisco and sailed west across the Pacific. After sixty-eight days the "Golden Hind" reached the Philippines where Magellan had visited in the year 1521. From these islands Drake sailed south

to the East Indies and then across the Indian Ocean. Passing the Cape of Good Hope at the southern end of Africa, Drake turned his ship toward home.

On September 26th, 1580, the storm tossed "Golden Hind" sailed into the harbor of Plymouth. From Plymouth it had gone forth and to Plymouth it returned after



Elizabeth's visit to the "Golden Hind"

sailing around the world from sea to sea, from continent to continent.

Queen Elizabeth was well pleased with the work performed by Drake and his men. To show her gratitude, she paid a visit to "Golden Hind." There on the deck she bade him kneel and as he knelt, Elizabeth struck him lightly with

a sword, saying: "I dub thee Knight; and because thou wert so brave, henceforth thou shalt be called Sir Francis Drake." Besides granting this great favor, Elizabeth gave orders that the "Golden Hind" was never to be destroyed. Many years later, the good ship fell to pieces and ornaments were made from its wood. At Oxford, England, there is a chair made from the "Golden Hind"—the first English vessel to sail around the world.

The King of Spain was very angry with England because Queen Elizabeth allowed Drake to plunder the Spanish ships. The two countries soon became very jealous because each one feared that the other would gain the wealth of the New World. Soon open war broke out and Philip II of Spain resolved to invade England.

While he was collecting a large fleet, Drake dashed across the Atlantic and did great damage to the Spanish colonies. He then returned to England and at the Queen's command, swooped down upon the Spanish coast. He defeated the Spaniards in their own home and burned many of their



Philip II

From photogravure of portrait by Titian in the Prado Museum, Madrid. By permission of Berlin Photographic Co.

ships. Drake then sent a letter to Queen Elizabeth in which he wrote, "I have singed the Spaniard's beard."

In 1588 Philip II was ready at last with the largest fleet ever assembled. This fleet was called the "Armada" and when the news of its coming reached England, the nation was greatly alarmed. All England rose in arms and Drake was made vice-admiral under Admiral Howard. But just as the great Armada reached the coast of England, a storm scattered the fleet. After three weeks, the attack was renewed. The Spanish ships formed in the shape of a crescent and proudly advanced up the English channel. But the rapid, well-trained English boats slipped in amongst the heavier Spanish vessels, fired their guns, and sailed away before the Spaniards could answer their shots. Drake sent blazing fire-ships among the invaders and scattered their boats in dreadful confusion. Soon the dashing English fighters under Howard drove back the mighty Armada in defeat. The Spaniards were utterly repulsed and sailed away without doing any damage. Storms scattered the Armada and many of the ships were wrecked on the coast of Scotland and only a few reached Spain. The mighty expedition, which was to have conquered England, thus ended in direful failure.

After the defeat of the Armada, Drake sailed again on another expedition to America. He was now over fifty years old. When sailing near Porto Rico he took sick and died, January 28th, 1596. As the leaden casket which contained his body was slowly lowered into the sea, cannon boomed out the funeral note, and two of his ships were



Battle between the British Fleet and the Armada

sunk to mark his last resting-place. When the great Admiral was lowered to his watery grave, the sailors were very sorrowful. "It is too bad," said one sailor to another, "Admiral Drake was good to us all. He treated his prisoners well and never was cruel to women or children. He shared his plunder even with the lowest seaman. There will never be another man like Francis Drake."



IT IS N'T RAINING RAIN TO ME

It is n't raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills;
The clouds of gray engulf the day,
And overwhelm the town;
It is n't raining rain to me,
It's raining roses down.

It is n't raining rain to me,
But fields of clover bloom,
Where every buccaneering bee
May find a bed and room;
A health unto the happy!
A fig for him who frets —
It is n't raining rain to me,
It's raining violets.

Robert Loveman

HENRY HUDSON

1609

IN a counting-house in the city of Amsterdam, Holland, a meeting of merchants was being held. The Dutch traders wore rich garments of doublet and pantaloons with long cloaks over their shoulders and large ruffs about their necks. They were seated at a table and before them were maps and charts and many papers. The men were talking to each other when the door opened and all looked up to see the person who entered. He was tall and straight and was dressed in doublet and hose, and carried a broad cap which had a large feather in it. He was not a native of Holland for his face showed him to be an Englishman.

"Members of the Dutch East India Company," he said, bowing low to the men at the table, "I am Henry Hudson of England and I have come to see why you summoned me before you."

"Captain Hudson, you are welcome," replied one of the merchants as he rose from the table. "Please sit down and let me explain why we have called upon you to visit us."

"Since Holland won its freedom from Spain," the merchant said, "our little country has made great success in commerce, especially with the East Indies, in spices, silks, and tea. This trade is very profitable but much of our

profit is lost because the routes are so long. The way around the Cape of Good Hope is dangerous, while the one through the Strait of Magellan is in the hands of Spain who hates us. So we, the members of the Dutch East India Company, have studied the charts and we think that perhaps a shorter route may be found by sailing around



Henry Hudson before the Dutch East India Company

the north of Europe. We need a leader for the expedition and we thought of you. You are a famous explorer and have made two daring attempts to cross the Arctic Ocean to India. I hereby offer you the command of the expedition to find a northeast passage to India."

"I thank you for your kindness," answered Hudson, "I am sure that a short northeast passage would be a much

quicker way to India. In my two attempts I had to turn back because of the heavy ice. But I have already received an offer from the King of France to sail for him. Give me a day in which to decide. Then, if I do set out for your Company, I shall succeed."

Hudson left the room; but on the next day, he returned to the Dutch East India Company and accepted their offer. He signed his commission to sail around the north of Europe, and if he could not find a northeast passage, to return to Holland.

The Company fitted out a vessel for him which was called the "Half Moon." It was a small boat of only eighty-tons' burden with a lot deck and a high poop. Alongside of the large boats of to-day the "Half Moon" would seem like a tiny ship which a storm could easily sink.

In April 1609, with the Dutch flag flying at her mast, the clumsy "Half Moon" sailed from Holland. Hudson steered northeast up the coast of Holland and then along the shores of Norway. As he sailed farther north the cold increased and the sea became filled with broken ice which bumped and hindered the "Half Moon." Hudson attempted to push his way through these fields of broken ice, but soon the passage was blocked and he could not go on any further. The Dutch sailors feared that their boat would be frozen in on all sides by the ice and they would be unable to return, but would perish from cold and starvation.

Hudson did not wish to give up the attempt to find the northeast passage but now he had little hope of success.

As he sat in his cabin, the mate of the "Half Moon" came before him and saluted.

"Captain Hudson," said the mate, "the crew is murmuring against continuing the journey. They say that we shall all perish in the ice if we do not return soon. They ask that you sail back to Holland."

"I am afraid," replied Hudson sadly, "that the ice is too strong for our vessel. The Company ordered me to return to Holland if I did not find the northeast passage. But listen. Just before I left Amsterdam, my friend, Captain John Smith, who is in the new colony of Virginia, wrote me a letter. He said that he looked for a western strait to China but could not find any near the Chesapeake Bay. He thought that a passage might be found if one sailed farther north. I cannot return to Holland and say that I have failed. I have it! I shall sail and find the northwest passage through the New World! Tell the sailors I shall return—but not to Holland."

Soon the "Half Moon" was being tossed by the waves of the Atlantic. The storms were severe, and many times did the Dutch sailors think that they would perish in the deep. With the foremast broken off and the sails torn into tatters, the "Half Moon" reached the northeast coast of North America. In what is now Penobscot Bay, Hudson anchored and there repaired the "Half Moon." When the new mast, which was made from a tree growing on the coast, was put in place and the sails repaired, Hudson continued to sail down the coast. Passing Cape Cod, he went as far south as Chesapeake Bay. John Smith had told him

that there was no passage south of the Chesapeake so he turned about and traveled closely along the shore and watched carefully for an opening in the coast.

On September 3rd, 1609, Hudson beheld a splendid harbor and thinking that it might be the longed-for passage to



Henry Hudson

India, he steered the "Half Moon" into what is now known as New York Bay. In this beautiful wide harbor Hudson anchored the "Half Moon" and remained for a few days. At first the natives thought that the Dutch sailors were enemies and they attacked a party of the Dutch

who set out to explore the land. One of the sailors was killed and several were wounded by the arrows of the Indians. The natives were very curious to see the "great white bird," as they called the "Half Moon," and soon they became very friendly. On their trips to the boat, they brought tobacco, fruit, and furs, which they exchanged for knives, trinkets, and rum.

Hudson resolved to sail up this strait, which he thought would lead to India. Soon he came to a long, widening island where the waters of the harbor were divided into two large rivers. He turned his ship toward the left and entered the wonderful river which now bears his name. As the "Half Moon" sailed on and on, the Dutch sailors gazed in wonder at the beautiful country. On the left bank, great walls of rugged rock guarded the river, while on the right were rolling hills which were bright with colors of Autumn. As they sailed farther up the river, they beheld the picturesque Catskill Mountains with their sides and tops covered with the yellow and brown and red of the trees.

Along the way, Hudson made many stops to explore the country. While near what is now the town of Hudson, he stopped to visit an old Indian chief. When he came to the shore, he beheld a strongly built wigwam which was made of bark from the oak-tree. About the house, skins were drying and beans were piled for the winter's provision. When Hudson entered the hut, the Indian chief bowed in greeting. Two mats were then brought upon which the visitor sat while food was served in wooden bowls. In

order to show special honor to his guest, the chief sent forth two of his men with bows and arrows to shoot game. When they returned they had two pigeons with them. A dog was killed and quickly skinned by the natives who used shells to perform the work. It was then placed upon a fire to roast. This, the Indians considered a fine feast. Hudson enjoyed the kindness of the old chief but when night came he returned to the "Half Moon." The Indians were very sorry to see him go. They wished him to remain as their guest.

The "Half Moon" continued its journey up the river, but soon all the pleasure of the voyage was turned to disappointment. The water of the river was no longer salty! When Hudson saw this he knew that he was on some great river and that he had not discovered a western passage to Asia. To make sure he explored the river as far north as what is now Albany. Here the water was very shallow which showed that it could not lead to India.

So, in great disappointment, he turned the "Half Moon" about and sailed slowly down the river. His men made many trades with the Indians, eagerly buying the rich furs which the natives brought to the ship. When the signs of winter were seen, Hudson and his crew hastened to return home. On October 15th, they sailed from the harbor.

Hudson did not return directly to Holland but landed at Dartmouth in England. From this port, he sent the news of his discovery and exploration to the Dutch East India Company and asked for more men and money to

continue the work which he had begun. The Dutch merchants were pleased with Hudson's report and they sent word to him to return to Amsterdam to explain all about his trip.



Hudson Cast Adrift

When King James of England heard of this, he commanded Hudson to come to him at court.

"Captain Hudson," the King said, "I cannot let you go to Holland. You are an Englishman. If you are to make

any discoveries you should sail under England's flag and claim them for England."

So Henry Hudson remained in England, and in the early spring of 1610 he sailed with the English flag at the mast, to find a northwest passage. Reaching the coast of Labrador, he sailed northwest and entered the large bay which has received his name. It was early winter when his ship entered the bay and soon the great, cold winds from the north blew upon the waters and froze the English ship fast in the ice. During all the long winter Hudson and his crew were imprisoned by the heavy ice.

When spring came, Hudson wished to continue on his northwest journey but the crew rebelled. They rose in mutiny, seized Hudson and his little son and seven faithful sailors, and set them adrift in an open boat on the wind swept sea. Then the wicked crew turned the bow of the boat and sailed to England. When they arrived without Hudson the cruel sailors were seized and put in prison. Brave men set out from England to try and find Hudson but they searched in vain. Nowhere could they find any trace of the heroic explorer.

Henry Hudson was a brave and courageous leader. He attempted first to find a northeast passage and afterwards a northwest passage to India. He did not find either the northeast or the northwest passage but he discovered a mighty river and a great bay. Because of his brave work, the Dutch got possession of rich, new lands. Out upon the icy-cold seas of the north, Henry Hudson died a hero, loyal and true to his duty.

MANY FLAGS IN MANY LANDS

There are many flags in many lands,
There are flags of ev'ry hue;
But there is no flag however grand,
Like our own "Red, White and Blue."

Then hurrah for the flag,
Our country's flag,
Its stripes and white stars too;
There is no flag in any land
Like our own "Red, White and Blue."

We shall always love the "Stars and Stripes,"
And we mean to be forever true
To this land of ours and the dear old flag,
"The Red, the White, and the Blue."

THE INDIANS

IN the valley of Onondaga in what is now northern New York, stood a large Indian village. It was the home of the mighty Iroquois nation which was the most powerful tribe among the Indians.

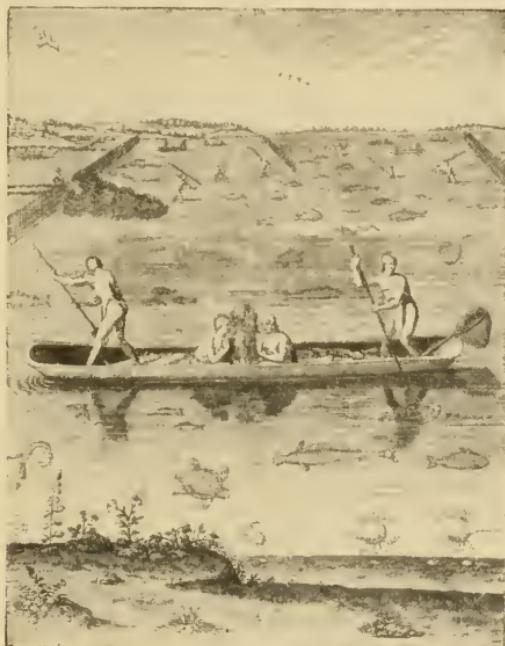
A young Indian boy with dark skin and straight black hair was standing near a large house built of bark. He was dressed in deerskin clothing; moccasins were on his feet; and in his hand he held a bow.

“Oo-oh!” called another Indian boy who came running up from the nearby woods. “Come, come Little Bear,” said the boy as he approached. “We are playing war. They sent me to bring you. The boys want you to be chief.”

“No, no!” answered Little Bear, “I will not go. I wish to stay until the council is over. Then I will see the great chiefs who are inside. They have come many miles to the council. Go, tell the boys I will not play.”

Little Bear waited patiently outside the door of the council-house. Inside, the great chiefs were gathered together to talk about the war with their enemies, the Algonquins. The house had one large room, and on each side of the room there were seats for six mighty chiefs. Only the very great chiefs were allowed to attend the council. A famous warrior rose to speak and the others

smoked their pipes in silence and listened. The speaker sang his words instead of speaking them. When the council liked the words of the speaker, they said "Nee," which means "Yes." When the speech was over, all the chiefs exclaimed "Hoho," which showed that they were pleased with what the speaker said. Then two entered with a



Indians Fishing
From a book published in 1590

large kettle swinging on a pole which they carried across their shoulders. Each helped himself to the food in the kettle and ate the warm meat. After the meal was over, the chiefs silently left the council-house.

Little Bear was very proud when he saw the warriors come forth. He liked their great feathers and the scalps

at their belts. "Some day I shall be a great chief!" exclaimed Little Bear. "Then I will come to the council." Little Bear was only twelve years old, yet he was very strong. His father was a mighty warrior and had taught him how to shoot his bow. He learned to hunt and one day he shot a bear with his arrow. Little Bear felt very happy to be able to tell his father of his success.

Little Bear did not have to study lessons in school-books. Instead he learned to run and jump, to swim across the rivers and to go many days without eating. His father taught him never to cry when he was hurt and Little Bear grew so brave that he did not mind even when he burnt his fingers or cut himself with his sharp knife.

When Little Bear was six years old, like all the other Indian boys, he fasted all day on a mountain-top. He could not eat any food but he prayed to the Great Spirit to make him a brave warrior. Many times did Little Bear fast. He was now waiting until he was sixteen years old. Then he would fast for five long days. After he had fasted, he would see the animal he had to kill. If he killed this animal, he took the skin and made a bag of it. The Indians believed that this bag protected them in battle.

Little Bear learned to wander through the forest without getting lost, how to build a campfire by rubbing two pieces of wood together and how to cook the meat of the animals he killed. He knew the names of all the flowers and he could imitate the call of the birds. He learned the war-cry of the warriors and how to fight the enemy.

His father never punished him, but Little Bear was always respectful to his elders. He was taught also to tell the truth except to his enemies.

But Little Bear did not learn to work. He never helped his mother in the garden or gathered wood for the fire. His sister, Pretty Star, had to do that work, for the



Games of the Indian Youths

Indian girls were taught to wait upon their fathers and brothers. Pretty Star helped her mother plant the corn. She gathered wood for the fire and minded the younger children. Her little baby-brother was strapped to a board and carried around on her mother's back, but Pretty Star played with her other sister and little brother. Sometimes

when the work was over, she would sit in the sun and sew beads on the soft skin of the deer which her father had killed in the hunt. With her mother's help she made belts of small black and white shells. These strips were called wampum and the Indians used it for money. Little Star loved her brother very much because he could run faster than all the other Indian boys and could throw the strongest in a wrestling-match.

Around Little Bear's house was a small garden and in it grew corn, tobacco, beans, and squash. Little Bear's mother and sister tended the garden, for the warriors spent their time hunting or fighting their enemies. The Indian squaw used a clam-shell tied to a stick as a hoe. In the camp-fire she would cook the meals. It was from



Wampum Belt, presented by Indians to William Penn
(By permission of the Library Company of Philadelphia.)

the Indians that the first settlers learned to make gruel and cakes from corn.

Little Bear's house was a large one. The Iroquois did not live in tents but many families lived together in the large houses they built. Poles were laid over posts which

were driven into the ground and over these poles there was a covering of elm bark. The sides slanted toward the roof and were made also of bark. Inside there was a central passage where the fires were built. Along the sides were



Flint Knife

apartments or stalls where the Indians sat or slept on skins. Overhead hung dried meat and long ears of corn.

While Little Bear's mother did all the hard work about the house, his father was a mighty warrior and spent many long days in hunting or fighting. He could run miles and miles without stopping and could fast for many days. When the war-cry was heard, he painted his body and taking his bow and arrows, he would march against the enemy. The Indians were very crafty and treacherous and when they captured an enemy they were very cruel. They tortured the captives and murdered the women and children. But when the Indian warrior was captured he was very brave. He would laugh when they hurt him and would die rather than show any fear.

When Henry Hudson sailed up the Hudson River, the Iroquois tribe was spread over all the land which came to be called New York. They were called the Five Nations because there were five tribes which were banded together — the Mohawks, Oneidas, Cayugas, Onandagas, and

Senecas. There were many other tribes which were smaller in number, but the Iroquois was the ruling tribe.

Each tribe had its own chief and was divided into clans.

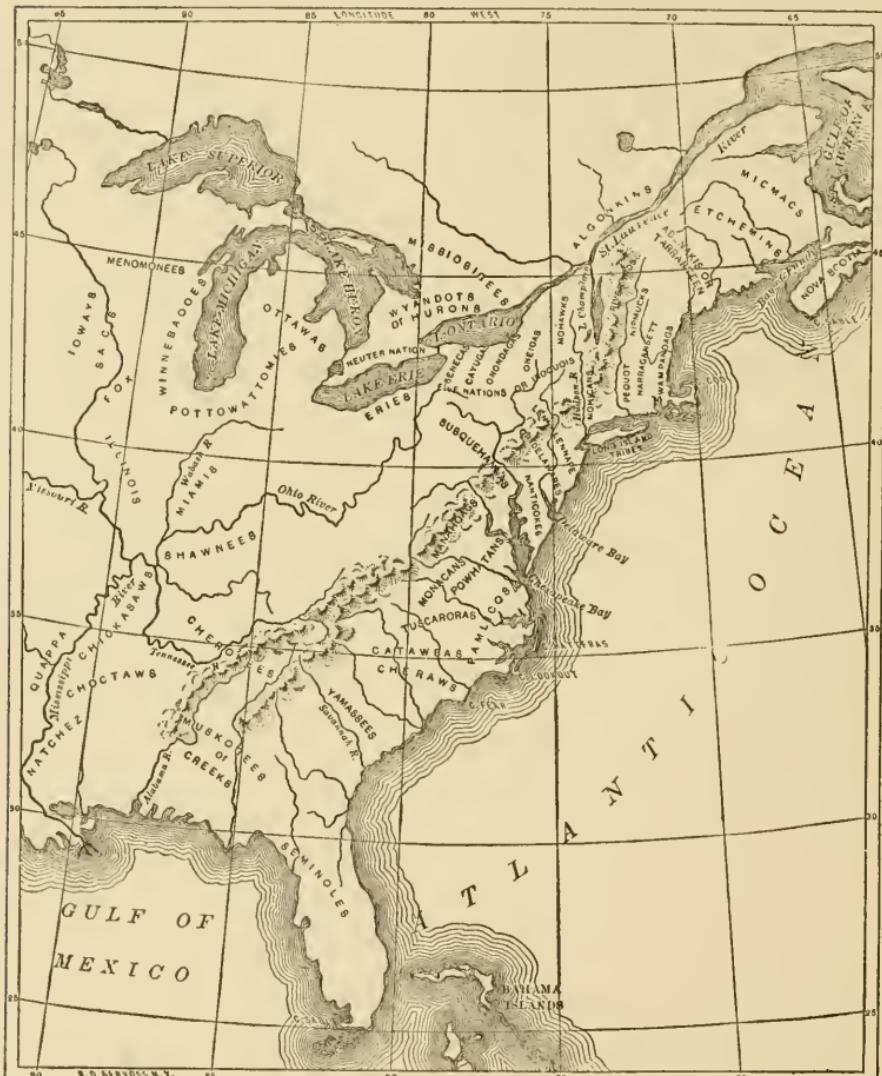


Chart showing the approximate location of the more prominent Indian tribes when first known to Europeans

Each clan had its own emblem which was called the totem. This totem was generally an animal such as the bear or wolf. By the members of the clan, the animal which was their totem was held sacred and must not be killed. The highest clan among the Indians were those of the "Bear" and the "Wolf." Little Bear's father belonged to the clan of the Wolf and Little Bear was very proud because some day he, too, would be a warrior in the clan of the Wolf.

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,
Heard the lapping of the waters,
Sounds of music, words of wonder;
“Minne-wawa!” said the pine-trees.
“Mudway-aushka!” said the water.—
Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes;
And he sang the song of Children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him:

“Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids?”—
Saw the moon rise from the water
Rippling, rounding from the water;
Saw the flects and shadows on it;

Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"Once a warrior very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight;
Right against the moon he threw her;
'T is her body that you see there."—
Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky, the rainbow;
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"'T is the heaven of flowers you see there;
All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us."
When he heard the owls at midnight,
Hooting, laughing in the forest,
"What is that?" he cried in terror;
"What is that," he said, "Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other.
Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,

Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."
Of all beasts he learned their language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

H. W. Longfellow

JACQUES CARTIER

1534

"HURRAH for the King!" "Long live the King of France!" On the dock of the town of St. Malo in north-western France, soldiers and sailors and townspeople were gathered. They were bidding farewell to two little ships which were sailing out of the harbor. Handkerchiefs were waving and caps were tossed in the air while the people shouted: "Long live the King!" "Hurrah for Jacques Cartier!" The ships sailed farther away and grew smaller and smaller until at last they vanished from sight. When the townspeople could not see the ships any longer, they returned one by one to their quiet homes.

On board the vessels which sailed away were Jacques Cartier and his crew of one hundred and twenty men. Their King wished them to explore the part of America called "New France." So with Cartier in command, they set out across the sea in 1534.

As the vessels sailed on and on, no storms arose; the air was calm and the ocean was smooth. In twenty days, the black shores of Labrador rose up before the French sailors. When Cartier saw this barren land, he was discouraged for he thought that all the land would be like Labrador. But soon they sailed into the gulf, which Car-

tier called the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and there they saw a land of rich forests and flowers. The banks of the river were bright with blossoms while here and there the explorers saw the Indians gazing at them in wonder.

Cartier sailed up the broad river until he came to a high bluff where he and his crew landed. They named this hill Cape Gaspe and on its summit Cartier erected a



Cartier's landing at Cape Gaspé

very large cross. On this cross the French sailors placed a shield on which was written "Long live the King." The Indians gathered about the strangers, and Cartier gave them beads and knives which pleased them very much. Cartier lured two Indians on board his ship. When they wished to return, he kept them prisoners so that he might show them to his King in France.

The Frenchmen now sailed farther on up the river. But the winds were too strong, and in a short time Cartier turned his ships about and sailed for France. He was eager to tell his King of the wonderful land he had seen.

When Cartier reached France and told of the new country he had visited, the French people were greatly excited, especially when they beheld the strange-looking Indians. Thinking that the St. Lawrence was a short way to China, the King of France resolved to send another expedition to the new country. There was no difficulty about procuring money or sailors, and soon the expedition was made ready.

In 1535 Cartier again sailed from his native town of St. Malo, and this time he commanded three ships and one hundred and ten sailors. On this voyage across the Atlantic, heavy gales blew the vessels out of their course, and seven weeks passed before Cartier sailed into the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

As the French ships entered the bay, many Indians paddled out to the boats in birch-bark canoes and some climbed up over the sides of the vessels. The two Indians whom Cartier had taken away on his last voyage had learned the French language, and by means of them Cartier spoke with the natives. The Indians were pleased with the presents Cartier gave them. The two Indians who had returned from France dressed in brilliant colors and wearing the large feathers of a mighty chief told the Indians that Cartier was their friend.

Cartier sailed up the St. Lawrence and passing many

islands came to the Indian village of Stadacona. Here the chief, who was called Donacona, came forth with many of his warriors to meet Cartier. While the Indian chief was speaking his words of welcome, the squaws of the tribe sang songs and danced in a queer manner.

Donacona told Cartier of a large city which was situated farther up the river. But when Cartier said he wished to see this town, which was named Hochelaga, the chief was displeased. He did not wish Cartier to sail up the St. Lawrence.

"There are great fields of ice," the Indian said. "You will perish. Great big animals will attack you. Do not go."

When Cartier answered that he was not afraid, Donacona tried to frighten him. Three Indians "with faces painted as black as coal, with horns as long as the arm, covered with skins of black and white dogs," paddled down past the French ships. They sang a weird song as they sailed along in their canoes.

"See, see," said Donacona, "they are messengers from the Indian god who forbids you to sail up the river. You will perish because there is so much snow and ice."

Cartier only laughed at this trick and, to teach the Indians that he did not fear them, he had one of his men shoot off a cannon. The loud noise so terrified the Indians that they no longer desired to stop Cartier.

The French sailors then proceeded up the St. Lawrence and in a short time they came to the town of Hochelaga. A large palisade or wall of trees stood surrounding the

town, and Cartier entered through the one gate which was built in the wall. Inside there were many low huts or cabins from which hurried hordes of women and children. There were over twelve hundred inhabitants and they lived in large families in the low cabins which were fifty in number.

With shouts of joy, the Indians welcomed Cartier and his men. They gathered in wonder about the Frenchmen for they thought the sailors were gods. At night bonfires were lighted and the Indians danced their strange dances. Cartier sat around the camp-fire with the Indian chief and his braves. After words of welcome many sick Indians came to Cartier for they were sure that he could cure them of their ills. But Cartier could only pray for them and he gave them knives and trinkets, and the Indians seemed happy.

The Indian chief then took Cartier and his men to the top of a nearby mountain. When the Frenchmen beheld the wonderful view of wide plains with glistening rivers and green forests, they were greatly pleased. Cartier called this hill Mount Royal, from which the city of Montreal received its name.

Cartier decided to spend the winter on the banks of the St. Lawrence but before their fort was completely built, a terrible blizzard swept down upon them. Their ships were frozen in the ice and snow was piled in great drifts. The Frenchmen suffered from the intense cold and they huddled together in their little fort. A sickness, called the scurvy, broke out amongst them and almost a hundred of

their number died in a short time. An Indian visited them one day and said that they might be cured if they drank the tea made from the leaves of a tree which grew nearby. Immediately the sick sailors rushed forth and with their axes chopped down the tree. So eagerly did they drink the tea that in six days the large tree was used up for medicine.

When spring came, Cartier resolved to return to France. He built a large cross and placed it where his fort had



Early Voyagers

stood. Seizing Donacona and four other chiefs, Cartier made them prisoners on his ship and sailed away from the St. Lawrence. Within a month, the French vessels sailed once more into the harbor of St. Malo.

Five years later, in 1541, Cartier again sailed to the St. Lawrence. The expedition was made ready by a French nobleman named Roberval. But Roberval stayed in France when the ships left and Cartier was captain-general.

When Cartier met the Indians they asked: "Where are Donacona and our other chiefs whom you took away?"

"They are dead," replied Cartier. The chiefs had pined away and died soon after they had left their native forests.

The Indians were very angry when they heard this and they no longer welcomed the French. In revenge, they attacked the French fort when Cartier was absent and killed many of his men.

The expedition proved a failure and Cartier returned to France. But in 1543 he made another voyage to the St. Lawrence. After that, he returned to his home in St. Malo, where he died in 1577.

Cartier won for France the land of Canada. Soon after his voyage fur-trading stations sprang up, but more than sixty years passed away before the coming of Champlain and the founding of the first settlement.

OBEDIENCE

If you're told to do a thing,
And mean to do it, really;
Never let it be by halves;
Do it fully, freely!

Do not make a poor excuse,
Waiting, weak, unsteady;
All obedience worth the name
Must be prompt and ready.

Phoebe Cary

CHAMPLAIN

1603

SIXTY-EIGHT years had passed since the coming of Cartier to the region of the St. Lawrence, when in 1603 another fleet flying the French flag sailed up the river.

On the deck of one of the ships stood the commander talking with two Indians of the Algonquin tribe. He was a strong, straight man with the bearing of a soldier, for he had fought in the armies of France and Spain. His name was Samuel de Champlain. On the voyage from France he had learned the Indian language, and now he conversed with the two Indians.

"See those tall cliffs," said one of the Indians as the boat passed a narrow place in the river; "that is called 'Kebec' which means 'a narrow place.' "

"That would be a splendid site for a settlement," answered Champlain. "Some day I shall plant a colony there. But where is the village of Stadacona which Cartier visited?"

Soon they came to the site of the Indian village, but nothing of it remained. Still farther on, they arrived at the place where Hochelaga once stood, but the Indian tribe which had dwelt there had vanished and their log huts had disappeared. Only the vast woods remained. Cham-

plain spent much time in exploring the country and was delighted with the beauty of the wide-stretching forests.

"Beyond is a great sea," said the Indians as they pointed toward the West. "Let us go. White man will be pleased."

Champlain was very eager to see this body of water which the natives called "Ontario," for he thought that



Samuel de Champlain

it might be the Pacific Ocean. But when August came, Champlain hastened to return to France before the winter should overtake him. So with many rich furs purchased from the Indians he left the waters of the St. Lawrence.

Champlain spent the winter at the court of the French King. While on his journeys, he had kept an account of all he had seen and from this diary he now wrote a book

which he entitled "The Savages." It was a very interesting book for it told about the new land and described the life and customs of the Indians.

Champlain resolved to plant a colony in the New World and so in 1604 he sailed once more from France. On this voyage, the explorers did not sail up the St. Lawrence, but passing the coast of Nova Scotia they came to the Bay of Fundy, into which flows the St. Croix River. It was here on an island in the St. Croix that Champlain decided to land. About eighty men came from the ships and soon all were at work. The woods echoed with the sound of their axes as they chopped down the tall trees and hewed them into suitable lengths for the building of their cabins. When their four houses were completed and a palisade had been built, the ships sailed back to France to return the next spring with more settlers and fresh supplies.

The long dreary winter then set in, and the brave settlers suffered great hardships. The fierce wind drove the snow high up against the houses, the river was frozen, and the air was sharp with the keen frost. So cold was it that the French colonists could not long venture out from their houses, and even indoors the log fires could not keep out the chilly blasts. The scurvy broke out among the pent-up settlers, and during the five long months of that winter thirty-five men died and many were very ill. When the warm days of June came, the ships bringing fresh food arrived, and the colonists grew well and strong again.

The settlers felt that their present colony was exposed too much to the storms of winter, so Champlain sought a

more sheltered spot. Crossing the Bay of Fundy, the French made a new settlement which they called Port Royal. Again they built log cabins, but this time they took care to make them snug and warm.

In order to provide against the winter, Champlain established the "Order of Mirth." This was a merry company composed of fifteen of the strongest hunters, the leader of whom was called the "Grand Master." When Champlain had chosen the men for the "Order of Mirth," he said: "It shall be your duty to provide us with meat which must always be fresh. You, Jean, shall be Grand Master to-day. To-morrow, Jacques, you shall be Grand Master, and so on until all have served in turn."

The sturdy hunters liked this idea. During the day when the rest of the settlers worked about the place, the members of the Merry Order were busy hunting and fishing. When evening came, all were hungry and ready for dinner.

Into the hall the Grand Master would march, followed by his company who bore large, steaming platters of sweet-smelling meat and fish. After them came the settlers, and as they marched they sang the jovial songs of France. When the meal was over, pipes were lit and the colonists smoked in silence as one of their number told tales of adventure or roared in laughter at the witty things which were said. The Indians were frequent visitors and they would come and squat on the floor and watch with great enjoyment the antics of the French.

Thus in merriment and hard work the winter was passed.

While Champlain and a few of his men were away exploring the country, the colony was left in charge of a busy, bustling, man named Lescarbot. He was very pleasant and jovial, and the colonists liked to work for him. He taught them how to make bricks and to build brick furnaces. Under his direction, a water-mill was made for grinding corn and he showed the settlers how to get tar and turpentine from the sap of trees. During the next three years, many carpenters, masons, and blacksmiths arrived from France, and the colony grew very prosperous.

In 1607 Champlain returned to France, and while he was there the King made him the Governor of New France. When he returned to Port Royal, he decided to seek a new place for the colony. He chose the narrow place in the St. Lawrence which the Indians had called "Kebec" and here in 1608, with the old colonists from Port Royal and new settlers from France, he founded the settlement of Quebec.

Once again the colonists fell to work cutting down trees for their houses. While they were busily at work, Jean Duval, a rough blacksmith, plotted with some of the settlers to kill Champlain. When Champlain heard of this plot, he summoned Duval before him. Witnesses were heard, and Duval was declared guilty. Champlain ordered Duval to be hanged while his followers were sent to France where the King pardoned them at Champlain's request.

The settlers had built three houses and around these they erected a wall to protect them from the attack of the Indians. The winter proved to be a very severe one and the settlers

suffered from the intense cold, while many died from sickness.

The Algonquin Indians had been very friendly with Champlain; and when they asked Champlain to help them in their war with the Iroquois, Champlain agreed to assist



Champlain fighting the Iroquois

From Champlain's book, published in 1613

them. Because of his coat-of-mail, the Indians called Champlain the "Man-with-the-Iron-Breast."

With a small body of sixty Frenchmen and Indians, Champlain set out in canoes against the hostile Iroquois. This tribe was the strongest nation among the Indians and was greatly feared by every other tribe. Champlain sailed up the Richelieu River until he came to a beautiful lake which was dotted with pretty islands. This lake he called "Lake Champlain."

On the shores of this lake the French and Algonquins met the Iroquois. The Iroquois had over two hundred warriors and with fearful yells they fell upon the little attacking force. But when the guns of Champlain and his men spoke out, the Iroquois turned and fled in terror. The Algonquins were proud because they had defeated their old enemies, the Iroquois. But the quarrel was very bad for the French settlers. From that time on the Iroquois were always the enemies of the French and for many years afterwards they attacked the French villages and murdered the inhabitants.

Champlain spent many years in exploring the surrounding country. He always kept an account of all the things he had seen, and made maps and charts of the places he visited. With the Indians as guides, he pushed his way west to Lake Ontario and Lake Huron. He also traveled many miles over what is now New York State.

All this time the settlement at Quebec was flourishing. Along the river many trading-posts had sprung up. So many inhabitants came to New France that in 1611 the colony of Montreal was founded farther up the St. Lawrence.

During the years that passed by, the colonies of New France grew large and prosperous. Champlain said that "the salvation of a single soul was worth more than the conquest of an Empire." So, in order to convert the Indians, Champlain brought Catholic missionaries from France who went bravely among the savages teaching them to worship God.

After a long life of hardship and toil in the new country which he loved so much, Champlain died in 1635 and was buried near the town of Quebec which he had founded and protected. Champlain was a fearless soldier who underwent many dangers in order to explore and settle "New France" as Canada was then called. He always treated the Indians justly and made them his friends. As a result of his work, the first permanent settlement was made in Canada.

HAIL, COLUMBIA!

Hail, Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes, heav'n-born band!
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause;
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won;
Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost,
Ever grateful for the prize,—
Let its altar reach the skies.

Firm united let us be,
Rallying round our liberty!
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots, rise once more!
Defend your rights, defend your shore;
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies,
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize;
While offering peace sincere and just,
In Heav'n we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice shall prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.

Joseph Hopkinson

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

1585

GAY nobles, dressed in bright colors of satin and velvet, stood about as Queen Elizabeth walked from her castle toward the boat. Rain had fallen a short time before, and muddy pools were here and there in the street.

At the crossing the Queen stopped before a muddy place, for she did not wish to spoil her pretty shoes. As she glanced about, a tall, handsome knight, dressed in a magnificent suit of satin and velvet, took his cloak from his shoulders. It was a most beautiful cloak of crimson and gold lace. With a graceful sweep, the knight laid it over the muddy crossing. The Queen with dainty steps walked over the cloak to dry ground on the other side.



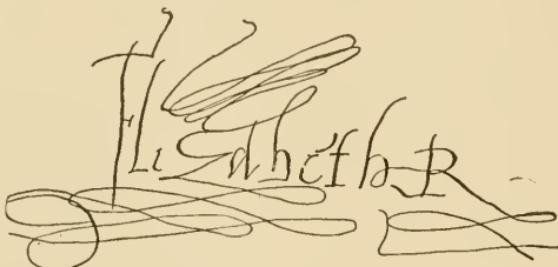
Sir Walter Raleigh

"Walter Raleigh, you are a most gracious knight," said the Queen as she smiled on the courtier.

The Queen and her ladies then passed on to her boat. But Queen Elizabeth did not forget the kindness of Raleigh and one day she ordered him to come and see her.

"I have heard much of you," said Queen Elizabeth; "you were born in Devonshire, I believe, and you served gallantly in France and in Ireland with my troops. I wish to make you my adviser and I desire you to remain at court."

Walter Raleigh was greatly pleased with the Queen's words. He loved the gay life of the court with its dances and balls and fine fashions. He was a very handsome man and by virtue of his courtly manners and pleasant character he became a great favorite.



Autograph of Queen Elizabeth

But Raleigh was a deep thinker and a good statesman. One day he said to Queen Elizabeth: "Queen Elizabeth, many of our working-men cannot find work to do. Their pay is small and they are very poor. You have vast lands in America. If they were inhabited by your subjects, you would be building a new English nation and gaining great wealth in commerce. Why cannot I send out colonists to live there? They would have plenty of land to cultivate; they could build homes and be happy."

"You are right," answered the Queen; "I shall give you permission to send out colonists."

So Queen Elizabeth gave Raleigh a charter on March 25th, 1584. It allowed him to send out settlers to occupy the lands of America which were not actually possessed by any other Christian nation. These colonists were to have all the privileges enjoyed by the free citizens of England, while Raleigh was to have power to punish, pardon, and govern the people. The laws were to be just like the laws of England. For these favors Queen Elizabeth required that one-fifth of all the treasure that was found should be given to her.

Raleigh did not know whither to send his colonists, so in 1584 he despatched two vessels to find a place suited for a colony. After sailing up and down the coast, the ships found a good harbor and anchored near the island of Roanoke. The sailors were delighted with the new land which abounded in grapes and beautiful plants and trees.

So pleased were they that they spoke very highly of the place when they returned to Raleigh. The Queen heard Raleigh's report and she named the land "Virginia" in honor of herself because she was called the "Virgin Queen."

It took a great amount of money to fit out an expedition to colonize Virginia, but the Queen helped Raleigh to collect a sufficient amount of money for the work. In April 1585, the expedition was ready and sailed away with four hundred men on board. Raleigh did not go with the band of colonists, but remained at the Queen's court in England. Because of his great work in fitting out the

expedition, Queen Elizabeth made Raleigh a knight with the title, Sir Walter Raleigh.

After sailing around the West Indies, the colonists landed on Roanoke Island. Immediately all began to search for gold and no one would do the work of building



At old Fort Raleigh

Showing also the site of the home of Virginia Dare

houses or growing crops. The colonists were very lazy and quarrelsome and soon made the Indians their enemies.

A year passed and the colonists were discouraged and homesick. They had not provided food for themselves and the Indians refused to supply them with provisions.

One day Sir Francis Drake appeared with food and news

from England. When he attempted to leave, the colonists left the island and returned with Drake to England. As Drake and the disheartened settlers sailed from the coast, a vessel from England bringing provisions and supplies, arrived at Roanoke only to find the place deserted.

Thus was the first English colony in America a failure. But Raleigh was not discouraged and soon another expedition was fitted out to make another attempt. John White was placed in command of a company of one hundred and fifty settlers. They sailed in April 1587, and landed on Roanoke Island. During the summer the colonists were busy building houses and planting corn and tobacco. It was at this time that a baby-girl was born to the daughter of John White. Her name was Virginia Dare and she was the first English child born in America.

When the winter was near at hand, and the supplies were low, Governor White called the colonists together.

"Our supplies will soon give out," said Governor White. "I shall go to England and get more provisions and return as soon as possible. If you should move from this island, put up a sign on a tree telling where I am to find you."

Governor White then returned to England and left one hundred and seventeen colonists on Roanoke Island. When he reached England, there was great excitement and fear because of the Spanish Armada. No one cared about the tiny colony in Virginia, and Governor White could not find any one to help him. Two years passed before he again sailed to America. This time there were two ships but

Governor White was not in command; he was only a passenger.

The vessels reached Roanoke. All was quiet and still. The few houses were tottering in ruin, and weeds were growing in the gardens once kept by the colonists. When Governor White landed, he beheld a tree upon which was carved the name "Croatoan." This was an island about sixty miles away. The commander of the vessels refused to sail to Croatoan and, despite the prayers of Governor White, he steered his ships toward England. The colonists were never found. Five expeditions were sent out by Raleigh but each returned with the same sad story.

Again did the colony in Virginia end in failure. Raleigh spent a great fortune in his brave attempt to plant a colony in the New World. But while he was not successful himself, he began a great work which was to end finally in success.

While Queen Elizabeth lived, Raleigh was a great favorite at court and received many favors. But when Queen Elizabeth died in 1603 and James I became King, the enemies of Raleigh plotted against him more boldly. He was accused of treason and cast into prison. In 1618 Sir Walter Raleigh was tried and put to death. He lived long enough to see the colony of Jamestown grow in size and prosperity.

DON'T GIVE UP

If you 've tried and have not won,
 Never stop for crying;
All that 's great and good is done
 Just by patient trying.

Though young birds, in flying fall,
 Still their wings grow stronger;
And the next time they can keep
 Up a little longer.

Though the sturdy oak has known
 Many a blast that bowed her,
She has risen again, and grown
 Loftier and prouder.

If by easy work you beat,
 Who the more will prize you?
Gaining victory from defeat,
 That 's the test that tries you!

Phoebe Cary

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH AND VIRGINIA

1607

"I THINK Raleigh's idea of planting a colony in America is splendid," said one of the traders of London to his fellow merchants. "Why, we can make great fortunes in a very short time. There are many laborers here who are out of work. They would be only too glad to join an expedition to America. There they could build cities and send us valuable cargoes of lumber, iron, copper and gold. I think the scheme is worth trying."

"So do I," spoke up another. "Let us organize a company, obtain a charter from the King and as soon as possible send out a number of settlers. Let us take up the work immediately."

The plan met with a hearty response and a company of the most prosperous London merchants was formed. It was called the London Company. Before these merchants could get their plans completed, other English traders heard of the London Company's idea and they formed a rival company which they named the Plymouth Company. Both companies now asked King James for grants of land in America.

"The King is desirous that colonies be planted in the West," said James I when he read their petitions. "I

hereby give permission to colonize the land along the coast of America between the 34th and the 45th parallels, north latitude. To the Plymouth Company shall go the right to settle between the 41st and 45th parallels while the London Company shall colonize the country between the 34th and 38th parallels."

The London Company were glad to receive this grant of land and began immediately to make preparations for sending out an expedition. Three small vessels of less than one hundred tons burden each were fitted out.

On December 19, 1606, the fleet weighed anchor and sailed down the Thames. On board there were one hundred and five colonists, who were mostly adventurers and idlers, seeking to gain their fortunes. There were among them one mason, one blacksmith, four carpenters, and a barber. All the others were gentlemen who were not accustomed to work and who had no intention of doing manual labor. Only one of their number was fitted for the difficult work of colonization. He was a stout-hearted man of twenty-eight, who had seen many parts of the world. He fully realized what lay before the colonists. He was brave, resolute and intelligent. His name was John Smith.

Adverse winds delayed the three ships and January came before the voyagers were out on the Atlantic. They sailed in a southwesterly direction and after passing around the West Indies, they turned north along the Atlantic coast. Here they were blown along by storms until finally after a voyage of four months, they entered the beautiful Chesapeake Bay, April, 1607. To the points of land projecting

into the bay, they gave the names of Cape Henry and Cape Charles. Beyond these capes stretched the most beautiful land they had ever seen; there were smiling meadows and tall trees while everywhere blossomed sweet flowers.

Turning their vessels inland, the colonists came to a broad river which they named the James River in honor of their King. About fifty miles up this river, they came upon a



An early picture of Jamestown

long peninsula and here at a point between the York and the James Rivers, they landed, May 13, 1607, and began the work of building Jamestown or James City as they called their new town.

The place was not suited for a settlement. The land was swampy and the air was fever laden. But the colonists thought it a favorable spot and soon all were at work, felling trees and clearing the land for their tents. They found

the task a very trying one. They soon learned that chopping down trees and digging into the ground was very hard labor and they had no intention of doing such work. They made an attempt to plant vegetables but the proper time for seeding had passed and at harvest time when they needed food their gardens yielded very little. Moreover the settlers wished to make their fortunes quickly and instead of working they preferred to wander about seeking gold and precious stones. The men proved quarrelsome and unmanageable. As a result of all this, they were unprepared to meet the hardships of the winter, which soon came upon them. During that season they suffered great misery. The Indians proved unfriendly and the colonists were in such constant fear of attack that each man had to watch on every third night to prevent the place being surprised by the redskins. Many were made ill by the fever from the marshes and from drinking bad water. The only food they had left to eat was some barley which had spoiled in the ships on the outward voyage. Before autumn more than half the settlement had died.

Captain John Smith, who had been named as one of the council to rule the colony, now proved to be the only efficient man in the whole settlement. When he saw that the colonists were badly in need of food, he won over the Indians along the James River and traded with them, giving chisels and trinkets in exchange for their corn. He ordered all the settlers to help in the building of suitable houses to protect them from the hardships of the winter.

When Smith saw that his men were housed properly and

had enough corn to keep away famine, he left the settlement to explore the country.

"Perhaps," he said, "one of these rivers may bring us to the western sea where lies China. At any rate, we will learn the nature of the land about us."

With this idea in mind, Captain Smith sailed up the Chickahominy River, until it became too shallow for his



Captain John Smith

boat. From there he crossed the wild country for twelve miles, with two redskins as guides. Suddenly, without warning, he was attacked by a larger force of Indians and his two guides were killed. Smith surrendered himself to the redskins who treated him with great respect.

"You must come to our chief," said the leader of the party. "Powhatan is a mighty warrior."

They traveled quickly to the York River where the chief had his encampment and here John Smith was led before

Powhatan. That great warrior was dressed in raccoon skins and wore many shining ornaments. He welcomed Captain Smith and had him eat from great platters containing different kinds of food.

Smith, who was fond of telling romantic stories, tells us in a book which he afterwards wrote that Powhatan ordered him to be killed. Just when the explorer's head



Pocahontas

was about to be cut off, Powhatan's little daughter Pocahontas, a bright girl of twelve, begged for the Captain's life. Out of love for his daughter, Powhatan freed John Smith and gave him over to Pocahontas.

This is a very pretty story but many doubt whether it really happened. At any rate, Captain Smith was in great danger. Powhatan did not like the coming of the white men and asked John Smith many questions. But Smith was not only brave; he was also sharp witted. He knew

that the fate of the colony depended upon him and he had to act very carefully or the Indian Chief would put him to death.

In order to make the redskins think that he had wonderful power, he showed them his compass. When they saw this strange looking object, with its arrow always pointing toward the north, they thought he was a "medicine man" or person with supernatural powers. So delighted was Powhatan, that he wished to make Captain Smith a member of his tribe. But Smith was anxious to return to the colony. A few days later he obtained his freedom from Powhatan and set out for Jamestown with four Indians, two of whom carried supplies of corn. His exploration trip had lasted almost a month. It proved to be of great benefit for by it he won the friendship of the Indians, who helped the colonists in many ways. Smith also learned much about the new country.

Shortly after his return, a ship bringing a new supply of emigrants arrived from England. They were one hundred and twenty in number and were mostly gentlemen and goldsmiths. They proved to be a quarrelsome set of adventurers whose only thought and aim was to find treasure.

One day a colonist in looking about for treasure, came upon a pile of glittering earth.

"Gold!. Gold!" exclaimed the new settler, rushing in after finding this shining earth. "I have found the treasure."

Every one rushed forth to get the gold and soon "there

was no talk, no hope, no work, but dig gold, wash gold, refine gold, load gold."

"Why, that is n't gold," exclaimed John Smith, on seeing what they thought was gold. "You've been deceived. That's Fools' gold."

The excited colonists paid no attention to him and hastily loaded a vessel with the "gold." They carried the cargo to England only to find that Captain Smith had been correct. It was worthless earth.

Smith now left the colony because he did not like the way in which things were being done. He wished to explore the Chesapeake and the surrounding country. After making two voyages up the Chesapeake, he reached the Susquehanna River. He also explored the Potomac. From the knowledge thus gained of the country, Smith was able to draw a map, which he sent to London. This map was correctly drawn and was the first means whereby any accurate knowledge was gained concerning the geography of the new country.

When in September, 1608, Captain Smith returned to Jamestown he was chosen governor of the colony. Things had not been going well and Smith resolved to change the existing conditions. Up to this time, all the men had taken their supplies from a common store-house. The lazy as well as the thrifty were thus cared for in equal manner.

"Now, hereafter," said Captain Smith, "if a man does not work, he shall not eat. Every one must work six hours a day."

He enforced this rule strictly and soon improved the

condition of the colony. The men learned to use the ax and hoe and to labor diligently. Two Indians who were brought to the settlement taught the colonists how to raise maize. Within a short time, thirty or forty acres of land were under cultivation. So well did Captain Smith manage affairs that during his time of office, he built up the colony and made it a prosperous settlement.

One day, a bag of powder exploded and Captain Smith was severely wounded. Fearing lest the wound might prove fatal he hastened to England in 1609. Without his powerful hand to guide them, the settlers became careless and shiftless. The winter of 1609–1610 proved a terrible one. The settlers had failed to lay in a store of provisions and soon famine was upon them. So awful was the suffering that out of over five hundred colonists only sixty were alive the following June when help came from England.

Captain Smith made another voyage to America. In 1614, with two vessels, he explored the coast between Cape Cod and the Penobscot. Returning to England, he drew a map of the coast line and wrote a number of books about the new world. After many exciting adventures in England, he died there in 1632.

The colony in Virginia suffered greatly for want of a great leader like John Smith. The few who were left after the terrible winter of 1610 were on their way back to England when they were met by a fleet of seven ships, having on board more than five hundred new colonists.

The coming of the new colonists marked a change in the fortunes of Virginia. From now on the colony pros-

pered. Men saw that there was great wealth to be obtained but only by hard work. Instead of wasting their time searching for gold, they cleared the land and planted many acres of corn. Strict laws of order were enforced. The colonists won over the friendship of the Indians who taught the white men how to raise corn and tobacco and how to use the canoe and the moccasin. This friendship was further strengthened when John Rolfe, a tobacco planter, married Pocahontas, the daughter of Powhatan.

With the new colonists, there came a number of women, who made homes for their new husbands. So prosperous grew the colony of Virginia that before the Pilgrims left Holland in 1620, it possessed over four thousand inhabitants, and had iron works, schools and great tobacco warehouses. Tobacco raising became the principal industry and during one year the settlers sent to England over forty thousand pounds of this product.

The founding of Virginia was begun under great hardships. Because the early settlers had not learned the great lesson that hard work is necessary for success, it seemed many times that the colony would end in dismal failure. But through the strong guidance of John Smith and other firm leaders, the foundation was strongly laid. By means of diligent toil, the settlers raised profitable crops of corn and tobacco until finally Virginia grew into a prosperous colony and gained great strength and power.

MILES STANDISH AND THE COMING OF THE PILGRIMS

1620

IN a little Dutch meeting-house in the old town of Leyden, Holland, a band of English speaking people was gathered. There was a look of sadness on their faces, and as they prayed their voices seemed to tell of the longing which was in their hearts. After a time, one of their number arose and spoke.

“Twelve long years have passed,” he said, “since we left our native village in England. Because we did not like the forms of worship established by the Church of England, we and our brethren raised our voices in objection. When we declared that the Church should be purified of many ceremonial forms, we received the name of Puritans. Then when we refused to pray in the manner ordered by the Church, we were fined and many of us imprisoned. There was no freedom of worship for us and we turned our faces toward another land. Across the sea lay Holland where all could find liberty. And so we left our beloved land and became Pilgrims in a strange country that we might worship God as we wished.

“Our days here have been happy but our hearts are now filled with apprehension. This land is not our land;

these people are not our people. We are Englishmen and love our native country. But here our sons will forget the land of their fathers. They have had to study in the Dutch schools; some have become soldiers and sailors under the Dutch flag. If we remain here, the day will come when our children will become Dutch and cease to be English.

"This must never be," continued the speaker proudly. "We are Pilgrims and must find a new home. Afar in the west lies the great land of America. There we can find freedom to worship God as we see fit; there we can build our homes in peace and contentment. Let us go forth to this new land of Freedom."

The Pilgrims were deeply moved by these words. They considered the plan a good one and they resolved to act at once. John Carver and Richard Cushman left in 1617 for England to lay their plan of colonization before the London Company.

The London Company granted the Pilgrims permission to settle in America, and gave them a charter of liberties, according to which they were to govern themselves and to worship in their own way.

The Pilgrims rejoiced at their good fortune and prepared to leave their adopted country.

"We are industrious and frugal," they said. "We can bear the hardships of a strange land. It is not with us as with men whom small things can discourage."

Two ships were made ready for the voyage, the *Mayflower*, a boat of one hundred and eighty tons, and the

Speedwell, a smaller and less seaworthy. In July, 1620, after long farewells to their friends in Holland, the Pilgrims embarked and left the harbor of Delf Haven, near Leyden.

They turned their ships toward England where other Pilgrims were to join the expedition. In August the little band of one hundred and two Pilgrims, men and women, some young, some old, left Southampton. But the *Speedwell* proved unseaworthy and twice they were compelled to return to port. Finally all were placed on board the *Mayflower* and on September 6, 1620, the sturdy Pilgrims bade a last farewell to their native shores.

The voyage was a stormy one and sixty-three days passed before the Pilgrims saw land. They had planned to settle near the Hudson but the winds had borne them northward and on November 9th they entered the harbor of Cape Cod.

Before the voyagers landed on the bleak, wintry coast which lay before them the men, who numbered forty-one, gathered in the cabin of the *Mayflower* and there drew up and signed a document which gave every one liberty and equal rights. It was the first constitution ever drawn up in America. At the same meeting the colonists elected John Carver governor.

Although the Pilgrims had reached New England in early November, a whole month passed before they chose a place for settlement. They had great difficulty in trying to land and the men were exposed many times to the cold. As a result, a great number became ill and were brought

down with fever. Finally a landing was made and an exploring party of twenty under Captain Miles Standish, a sturdy warrior, set forth to examine the country. They carried flint lock guns and swords and wore steel helmets



A map of New England made by Captain John Smith

and breastplates. They were attacked once by Indians but the redskins were easily frightened away.

After many days spent in seeking a suitable place for their homes, the Pilgrims determined to build their settlement on the hill rising above the harbor opposite Cape Cod. Hither the *Mayflower* sailed and on December 29th, the Pilgrims landed on the rocky shore which they called Plymouth.

There was little there to cheer the colonists. Their food supply was almost gone and they had no homes in that wilderness nor any place in which to find shelter from the harshness of the winter. But they were sturdy and brave and soon all the men were at work cutting down trees and building log cabins. The children helped their fathers by tending the fires which were kept burning to give warmth.

All during the month of February, they labored and succeeded in erecting a fort and seven houses. To protect them, Miles Standish organized a band of soldiers whose duty it was to safeguard the colony. But no dangers arose from the attack of enemies. They had greater troubles than these. The winter proved very severe and many of the Pilgrims died. Great was their misfortune for during the next month forty-seven of them died, yet so firm was their courage and resolution to build their homes here that not a single person left Plymouth when the *Mayflower* returned to England on April 15th.

With the coming of March, the sweet winds of spring brought gladness to the hearts of the Pilgrims. So afflicted had they been that at times the people alive were hardly able to bury their dead and at one time only seven were well and strong. Now they looked forward to happier days.

One day in the middle of March, the colonists were surprised when an Indian carrying a bow and some arrows entered their settlement. As he approached, he spoke in English.

"Welcome, Englishmen, welcome," were the redskin's words.

The Pilgrims gathered about the visitor in wonder. They learned from him that he was the envoy of Massassoit, chief of the Wanpanoags, a tribe that dwelt near the Providence River. Samoset, for such was the Indian's name, told the colonists that his chief wished to be friends with the English. He also told them the story of the land about Plymouth.

In a few days Samoset returned with five other warriors and Squanto—a redskin who knew English well. The visitors were friendly and told the colonists that Massassoit was coming to visit the English.

At first the settlers feared lest the Indian chief might cause trouble but Captain Standish reassured them that he and his soldiers would protect all from harm. When Massassoit arrived with his band of warriors, he showed the white men that he wished to be their friend. The Pilgrims received him kindly and entered into a treaty of peace which was kept for over fifty years.

The friendship thus obtained was of great value to the colonists. Squanto and the warriors of Massassoit taught them how to plant corn and to help its growth by burying a fish with the seed. They showed them also how to fish without hooks and how to hunt the game which roamed the forests.

The Narragansett tribe were enemies of Massassoit and when he formed a treaty of peace with the English, Canonicus, their chief, was very angry. One day he sent a

bundle of arrows, wrapped in a rattlesnake skin, to the colonists. Bradford, who had been made governor on the death of John Carver, received this message of war.

"If Canonicus desires war," said Bradford, "he shall have it." Taking the arrows from the skin, he filled it with ball and powder and sent it to Canonicus.

"We are ready for war, if you wish war," was the message brought to the chief. When the hostile warrior saw that the English were serious, he sued for peace and became their friend.

The first year proved very disastrous for the settlers. But they bravely faced the hardships which they had to endure. In the spring, they planted corn over the graves of those that had died lest the Indians see how few were left. The summer days brought health and strength to the sick and soon all were at work, building better homes and cultivating their gardens. In early fall, two ships from England brought thirty-five new settlers and stores of provisions. The new colonists did much toward building up Plymouth and from now on the settlement grew and prospered. Before 1630 more than three hundred people had found new homes on the shores of New England.

Captain Miles Standish proved a great help to the struggling colonists. To him they always looked for protection and never did he fail in his duty. He organized a small force of men who were prepared at all times to safeguard the lives of the settlers. Later when the colony grew larger, Captain Standish founded the town of Duxbury, which lay nine miles north of Plymouth. Even then he

was the protector of Plymouth and in 1637 defended his people against the attacks of the Pequots. This tribe hated the white men because they saw the colonists building new towns and taking the redskins' lands. In revenge they murdered the English and burned their houses and crops. The trouble ended when a force of two hundred colonists marched against the Indians and killed over six hundred of their number. After this the colonists had peace for almost fifty years. In 1665 Captain Standish died, mourned by all.

The settlement in New England was made by the Pilgrims, who came to that rocky coast in search of freedom and liberty. They faced many dangers and suffered many hardships. But their courage made them victors. The colony at Plymouth was the cornerstone of the mighty Republic which was to be established in after years.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN NEW ENGLAND

THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;
And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums.
And the trumpet that sings of fame;
Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared —
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band;
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?
There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war? —
They sought a faith's pure shrine!
Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod.
They have left unstained what there they found
Freedom to worship God.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

JOHN WINTHROP AND THE SETTLEMENT OF BOSTON

1630

IN 1603 James I ascended the English throne. He was a determined and haughty monarch.

"There shall be only one church in my country," he declared as soon as he became king. "That church shall be the Established Church of England. Every person who does not attend it shall be thrown into prison until he changes his views."

Thereupon the King had very severe laws passed, inflicting heavy punishments upon all who refused to worship as he commanded. Soon news was brought that a number of people had refused to attend the Established Church.

"We cannot go to your service," they exclaimed. "Before we can do what you wish, you must purify the Established Church — you must stop the use of the prayer-book, the wearing of robes, abolish the altar and also the ring in the marriage ceremony. Until you do these things we cannot obey."

Thus because they wished to purify the Church, these people received the name of Puritans.

"If the Puritans do not obey," exclaimed James angrily, "I will harry them out of the land or else do worse."



THE PURITAN
Statue by Augustus Saint-Gaudens

The Puritans still refused to attend the Church of England and as a consequence they suffered imprisonment and other grievous punishments. Finally some left England and found freedom of religion on the shores of Holland. These were the Pilgrims who left Leyden in 1620 and settled at Plymouth.

When the news of the Plymouth colony's success reached England, the Puritans were roused to action.

"We cannot remain here," spoke up one of their leaders.
"Let us seek freedom in America."

This plan found favor among the Puritans who now hastened to leave their native land. From the King they obtained a charter and organized the "Company of Massachusetts Bay in New England." John Winthrop, a stern, unbending man of firm religious beliefs, was to be governor of the colony.

In March, 1630, eleven ships, among them the *Mayflower*, sailed from Southampton with about one thousand Puritans. It was the largest number of settlers that had left England to seek homes in the new world.

The Puritans, under Governor Winthrop, were well equipped for their work. Many of their number were wealthy, educated men who had studied at Oxford or Cambridge, while others were surgeons, ministers, engineers and surveyors. Besides, they had among them carpenters, gardeners, stone cutters and iron workers.

The ships contained everything necessary for the colonists' welfare. There were supplies of seed and grain,

implements for cultivating the land, fishing nets and weapons and ammunition for defense.

It was a beautiful day in June, 1630 when the fleet, headed by the *Arabella*, dropped anchor in the harbor of Salem. The inhabitants of this little town which had been founded by John Endicott in 1628, received the Puritans in hearty



Governor John Winthrop

welcome. But Governor Winthrop did not care to settle at Salem and sought about for a more suitable place for his colony.

The Puritans decided to build their homes on the banks of the Charles River but after a settlement had been made and given the name of Charlestown, sickness broke out through the drinking of bad water. Across the Charles on

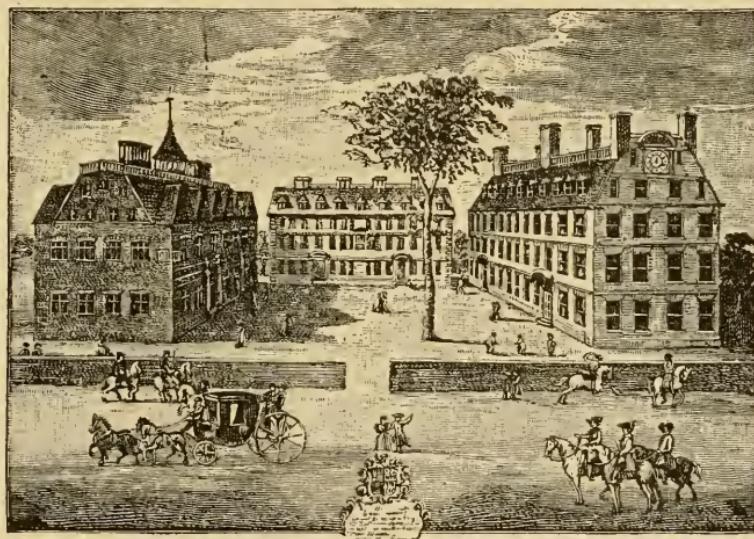
a narrow peninsula which the Indians called Shaw-mut, there rose three hills, rich in green fields and running water. The Puritans named this neck of land Tremont. There many built their homes. They called their colony Boston after the old town of that name in England. Others settled at different places nearby; some at Malden, others at Watertown and Roxbury and some at Dorchester. These little settlements quickly prospered and soon became sturdy New England towns.

The first winter at Boston proved a severe one. Before February came, the supply of grain had been exhausted and famine threatened. The colonists were compelled to eat shell-fish and even acorns. When starvation was at hand, the glad news was brought of the arrival of a ship from England, bearing supplies. So glad were the Puritans that a day was set apart for public thanksgiving, when the people gathered together and offered up prayers for their salvation.

The settlement of New England differed from that of Virginia. In the south, the colonists held great tracts of land called plantations. They were far removed from their neighbors and seldom visited the town. In Massachusetts, the people were gathered closely together in small towns. Each town had its meeting house where divine service was held and public meetings took place. Around this meeting house, the homes of the colonists were built, facing the street which ran through the town. Farther back were the gardens and farms where were planted vegetables and grain. Many of the houses were well built of stone or brick and

were protected against attack by a blockhouse which overlooked the settlement.

The Puritans realized that education was very necessary and in 1635 they established the Boston Latin School. To provide higher education, a college was founded in 1636 at Cambridge, and when John Harvard died and left his large library and three thousand dollars to the college, the colonists



Harvard College in 1726

named it Harvard in his memory. Every settler had to contribute a measure of corn each year for its support.

The children of New England wore odd looking dresses. The boys wore skirts that reached to the ankles, and coats with great wide sleeves. Their shoes were moccasins, made by their mothers, while their caps had strings which were tied under their chins. The little girls wore loose fitting

dresses of homespun with a white handkerchief folded across their breasts. Tall, steeple-crowned hats were worn by the women and girls. The children had queer names,—there was Increase Mather, Cotton Mather, Oceanus Hopkins, Peregrine White, Love Brewster, Wrestling Brewster, and Remember Allerton.

In 1630 when Governor Winthrop's term of office had expired, the members of the settlements met in assembly, to enact laws for the government of the colony. This was the General Court and was the first meeting of its kind in America. Many of the laws passed now seem harsh and even cruel. Wrong-doing was punished by pillory or the stocks. Here the guilty person was bound by the ankles while above him was placed a notice, telling of the wrong committed. Many offenders were whipped at the whipping-post in the public square. Other serious penalties were also inflicted.

The Puritans had come to New England to establish the Puritan Church. Although they had suffered persecution for religion's sake, they had not learned the lesson of true liberty. They established laws which forbade any one but Puritans from settling in their colony, and dire punishments were laid upon those of other beliefs who entered Boston. Even the Pilgrims were subjected to persecution while many Quakers were banished, some imprisoned and others hanged.

In 1631 there came to Massachusetts, Roger Williams, a Welsh minister. He thought that every one should be allowed to worship according to his own conscience. His noble nature was shocked by the narrow and bigoted laws

of the Puritans. When he attempted to preach his doctrine of religious freedom, the colonists drove him forth from the colony in the dead of winter.

Alone and without food, Roger Williams wandered through the desolate woods until he reached the village of

Providence 25 March 1671

*Y^r Friend & Servt
Roger Williams*

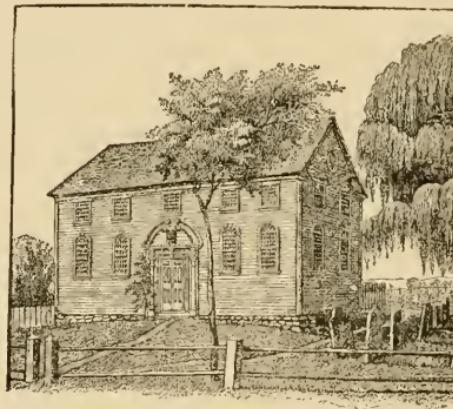
Autograph of Roger Williams

the Indians. The redskins welcomed him and gave him shelter during the winter. In the spring Williams set forth again and came to the territory of the Narragansetts from whom he purchased a tract of land. Here in 1638, he and five companions built homes and in thanksgiving to God called their colony Providence. It was the first settlement in Rhode Island.

As he had suffered for religion's sake, Roger Williams resolved that Providence should always offer perfect liberty to all; that there all could find an asylum and freedom from persecution. So noble was Roger Williams that he thought rather of the welfare of others than of himself. "He reserved to himself not one foot of land, not one tittle of political power, more than he granted to servants and strangers. He gave away his lands and other estate to them that he thought were most in want, until he gave away all." Providence

dence under Roger Williams' kind and generous government grew and prospered and finally it took its place among the original states of our Union.

The Massachusetts Bay Colony was ruled wisely though sternly by John Winthrop and the General Court. Many immigrants were attracted to New England by the prosperity of the colonists and within ten years, the population rose to about 16,000. In 1692 Plymouth became a part of the



Old Narragansett Church

Massachusetts colony and the great New England settlement, now consisting of over thirty-five towns which elected members to the General Court, received the name of Massachusetts.

Because of religious persecution in England, the Puritans followed in the footsteps of the Pilgrims and sought freedom in America in 1630. The colonists were men of learning and endowed with firm principles. Under John Winthrop, who was governor for twenty years, the colony grew in size and wealth until it was the largest in America.

THE DUTCH AND THE NEW NETHERLAND

1613

"Ho! Van Blum, have you heard the news?" asked one citizen of Amsterdam of his neighbor who was passing. Both were dressed in doublet and knickerbockers and wore high-crowned, wide hats and wooden shoes. Their hair was long and fell in ringlets on their wide white collars.

"What news, friend Van der Van?" questioned Van Blum.

"Our burgomaster has just received word from England," replied the other. "Henry Hudson, who sailed in the *Half Moon* under our East India Company's flag, has arrived in England and he brings word of a wonderful river he has found. It flows through a most beautiful country which abounds in game and fish. The furs that can be obtained there will make our Company rich."

"Does that river lead to the East?" asked Van Blum.

"No! That is the sad part," answered his friend. "It is only an inland river."

"Ha! Then Hudson's work will be of little use to the East India Company. They are not interested in furs," declared the neighbor. "You will see that they do not care for such a country. Ah! I must go to attend to my tulips. Such black ones I have — Good-by."

Within a short time it was seen that the citizen was correct. The East India Company was pleased that Hudson had found such a fertile country and had thus added to Holland's possessions. But they cared little for the new land because it did not offer opportunities for the development of their commerce.

Although the East India Company lost interest in the country visited by Hudson, there were others who realized its value.

"Here is a splendid opportunity to build up a rich fur trade," exclaimed some of the shrewd Dutch merchants. "We can send out men to America to purchase skins from the Indians. These alone will bring high prices. Then, too, settlements might be made and rich colonies formed. We must not miss this fine chance."

The Amsterdam merchants realized the truth of all this and immediately they formed the New Netherland Company. The aim of this new company was not to plant colonies so much as it was to establish trading posts and enter into commerce with the Indians.

Therefore, in 1641 five vessels, bearing traders, left Amsterdam to explore the country which the Dutch now named New Netherland. These voyagers were also to buy skins from the natives and to erect trading stations at convenient points.

The *Tiger*, which was commanded by Captain Block, burned while anchored near the island of Manhattan and here Block and his men built homes for the winter. The other traders went farther up the Hudson and established

a trading post on an island near where now stands Albany. A fort was built and garrisoned with fourteen men. It was named Fort Nassau. Not long after, the Dutch moved their possessions to the mainland near the junction of the Mohawk and the Hudson. Another fort was erected which received the name of Fort Orange. It was the first settlement of what is now Albany.

After a period of three years the charter of the New Netherland Company expired and The West India Company was granted a new charter which extended to the members the right to colonize the country of New Netherland. This work of colonization was taken up immediately and in 1623 the *New Netherland* brought out thirty families. Some of these sturdy people settled on Manhattan while others found homes under the protection of Fort Orange. The Indians were treated justly by the honest Dutch settlers and treaties of peace were signed between the two races. The Dutch and Indians kept sacred this friendship which was never broken.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Peter Minuit Director".

Autograph of Peter Minuit

During the next year other settlers left Holland for America and in May, 1626 Peter Minuit arrived to act as governor of the new province. He took up his abode on Manhattan.

"As yet we have no right to this island," he said, soon

after his arrival. "We must purchase it from the Indians."

So he arranged a meeting with the Indians and inquired what they wished in return for their land.

"We do not want gold," said their chief. "Give us plenty of these."

He pointed to the red cloth and trinkets and brass buttons which he had seen carried from the Dutch vessel. Peter Minuit agreed to this bargain and handed over goods worth sixty guilders or about twenty-four dollars in currency at that time. In return he received about twenty-two thousand acres. While the Dutch flag floated nearby, this sale was ratified.

"We must treat our red-skin brothers justly," said Minuet. "No settler can take up any land until he has first purchased it from the Indians."

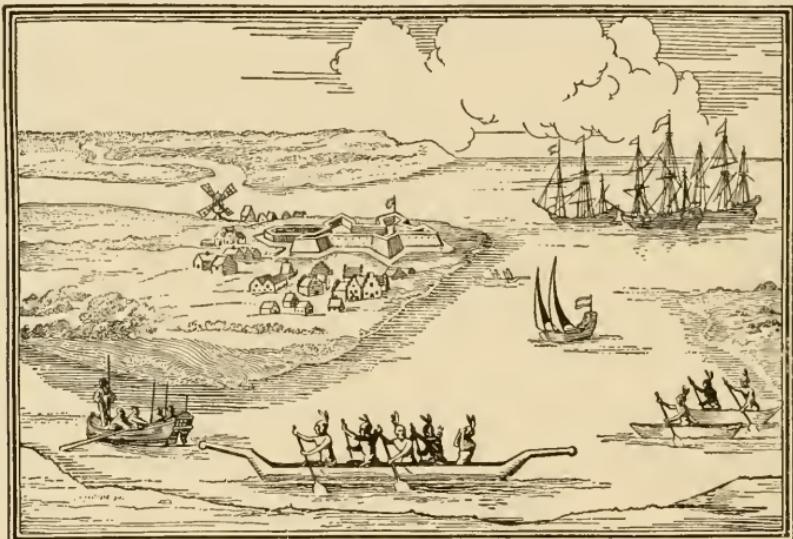
Peter Minuit proved a wise, courageous and mild ruler. Under his care, the settlement on Manhattan enjoyed peace. A windmill was erected for grinding corn, a storehouse also was built, while at the end of the island a fort was placed to guard the colony from attack. The Dutch were great home lovers and their houses were well built and cozy. Within doors, a huge fireplace gave forth comfort in winter and provided heat for the ovens which the good housewives used for baking bread and cookies. Above the fireplace were the pretty delft-blue dishes and pewter plates, which were kept as bright as silver. Outdoors were the gardens with tulip beds and rows of vegetables. Every home was a model of cleanliness and comfort.

Though the Dutch had found the country most pleasing, immigration was very slow and the colony did not grow in size. In order to encourage new settlers, the West India Company established the "patroon" system. Patroon is a Dutch word and means a lord of an estate. According to this plan of patroons, if a person, within four years, brought out fifty people over fifteen years of age to settle in New Netherland, he was granted sixteen miles of property on one side of the Hudson or eight miles on each side. After he purchased this land from the natives, the patroon became absolute master of the land and its inhabitants. In return he had to provide a school and church and assist the settler with tools. The settlers had no rights, except that of living on the land for they could not even fish or hunt without the patroon's permission. For ten years both the patroon and the settlers were to be free from taxes and were to be protected by the soldiers of the colony. Some of the famous old patroon families were the Schuylers, the Van Rensselaers, the Van Cortlandts and the Roosevelts.

Under this system many colonists came to the New Netherland and settled along the Hudson, forming many busy towns and villages. Much of this progress was due to the work of Peter Minuet, but in 1632 he came into disfavor with the West India Company because he assisted the patroons in the fur trade which had been forbidden to them. As a result he was removed from office and returned to Holland.

Minuit was succeeded by two governors who brought misfortune and trouble to the colony. Under Governor Kieft

the friendship which had existed so long between the Dutch and the Indians was broken with serious results to both sides. The Raritans, a tribe of New Jersey Indians, attacked Staten Island and a bloody war followed. While still at strife with the Raritans, Governor Kieft received word that a number of Algonquins were hiding from their enemies, the Hurons. Despite all advice, he sent his soldiers against them and in



New Amsterdam between 1630 and 1640

a night attack the Indians were cruelly killed. This ruthless act inflamed all the Indians and they gathered to slay the Dutch. Not a home was secure from destruction. The Dutch suffered severely and their governor had to sue for peace.

A change for the better came when Kieft was recalled and a stern, fiery soldier was sent out in 1647 to rule the colony. His name was Peter Stuyvesant. In the Dutch wars he had

lost his leg and now wore a wooden leg, bound with silver. Because of this circumstance they called him "Old Silver-leg."

When Stuyvesant took up the reigns of government he faced a difficult task. The colonies had suffered long and grievously from the trouble with the Indians. The new governor settled the quarrel with the redskins and succeeded in undoing the bad work done by Kieft.

But even greater troubles arose for Stuyvesant. Because of Hudson's discovery of the great river which bears his name, the Dutch claimed all the land between the Delaware on the south and the Connecticut River on the north. Soon the land along the Connecticut was taken over by English settlers. The Dutch viewed this colonization with alarm. At first they desired to declare war on the English but they realized that they were too weak to attack the powerful colony of New England. Instead of entering into a bloody struggle, Stuyvesant made a compromise whereby the English were to possess the land as far south as Greenwich.

Further trouble arose in New Jersey. The Swedes had settled on the Delaware, calling their settlement Christina in honor of their queen. The Dutch built a fort on the land which the Swedes claimed and a struggle now took place. When the Swedes captured the Dutch fort, Stuyvesant attacked them with a force of seven hundred men and severely defeated them. As a result New Sweden became a part of New Netherland.

Stuyvesant was a headstrong and hot-tempered man, who refused to be governed by anybody. The colonists felt that

they did not possess sufficient freedom under him and petitioned for greater liberty and a larger share in the government of the colony. After a long and bitter quarrel, Stuyvesant yielded and allowed the people to elect a counsel of eighteen who were to assist him in the management of affairs. But the people found Stuyvesant a stubborn man and there was continual strife between them. They called Stuyvesant "Headstrong Peter."

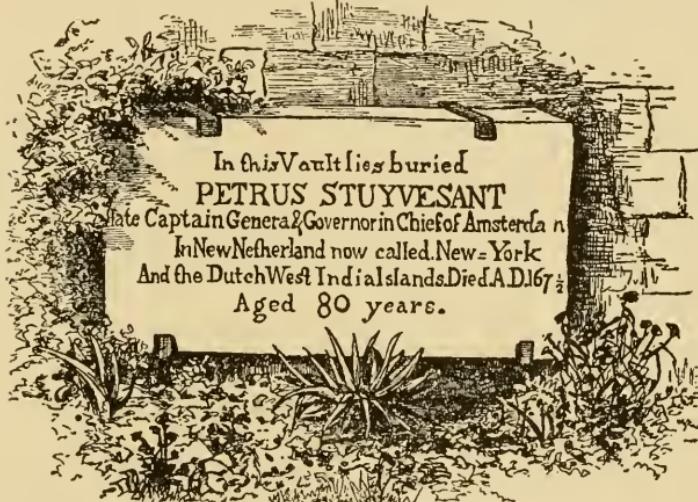


Peter Stuyvesant

The colony on Manhattan grew very prosperous because of its splendid position for trade and commerce. It had now about fifteen hundred inhabitants. The upper extremity of the town reached what is now Wall Street. Here was built the wall which protected the settlement from attack by the Indians. The Bowery was a lane between Governor Stuyvesant's farm and his house. In 1653 this colony which had received the name of New Amsterdam, was incorporated as a city.

So well had New Netherland prospered that the English now looked upon the Dutch colony with eyes of envy. They desired this rich land in order that their colonies might control the Atlantic Coast. So in 1664, although the English and Dutch were at peace, the colony of New Amsterdam was astonished when an English fleet under James, Duke of York, appeared and demanded immediate surrender.

"We will never surrender," exclaimed Stuyvesant, stump-



Grave of Peter Stuyvesant, St. Mark's Church, New York City

ing around in great anger. "I will not betray my masters, the West India Company."

But the people saw that the English would destroy their homes if they did not surrender, and, accordingly, they refused to aid Stuyvesant in his resistance against the unjust demands of the English. The white flag of surrender was hoisted and the English took possession of New Netherland. New Amsterdam became New York and Fort Orange

received the name of Albany. From that time on, the English colonists stretched from Canada to Florida and the thirteen colonies were separated by no foreign people.

The settlement of New Netherland in 1613 was due to the energy and commercial activity of the Dutch. They were thrifty and industrious and under their rule New Amsterdam became a great trading place. But the Dutch were too weak to hold their possessions and England in 1664 seized their colony and raised over it the British flag which floated on high until the coming of the American flag, the Stars and Stripes.

There's always a river to cross,
 Always an effort to make,
If there's anything good to win,
 Any rich prize to take;
Yonder's the fruit we crave,
 Yonder the charming scene;
But deep and wide, with a troubled tide,
 Is the river that lies between.

THE CALVERTS AND MARYLAND

1634

IN 1629 there came to the colony at Jamestown, George Calvert and his band of followers. Calvert had held many positions of trust under King James and had been made Lord Baltimore because of his faithful service. Formerly he had been a member of the London Company and had helped in the work of colonizing Virginia. Later he became a Catholic, and was compelled to give up all the positions of honor which he held. Now he sought a place where Catholics might escape the persecution which they, like the Puritans and Quakers, were suffering in England.

"We have come from Newfoundland," said Calvert to the governor of Jamestown. "There at Avalon, we attempted to settle but the severe winter has driven us to seek shelter here."

"You are welcome here," replied the official, "if you will take the oath to support the Church of England. Otherwise you cannot remain."

"That I cannot do," replied Calvert proudly, "I am a Catholic and cannot support the Church of England."

Greatly discouraged, Calvert was forced to leave Virginia and sailed away to England. He did not give up his plan

to establish a place of refuge for persecuted Catholics. He now appealed to the King for a grant of land and obtained the territory lying on both sides of the Chesapeake Bay. It was bounded on the south by the Potomac, and on the north by the 40° of latitude. This grant he called Maryland in honor of the queen. The King made Calvert the sole owner



The first Lord Baltimore

of the land, the only condition being that the new owner pay over to the King one-fifth of all the gold and silver which might be found. To show his homage, Calvert was to pay a rent of two Indian arrows every year.

Just when this charter was being stamped with the royal seals, George Calvert died. The work was taken up by his son, Cecil Calvert, who became the second Lord Baltimore. In November, 1633, a company of three hundred settlers under Leonard Calvert, Lord Baltimore's brother, sailed from England, to colonize Maryland. They were earnest,

industrious men who were well prepared to build new homes in the wilderness.

It was February, 1634, before their two boats, the *Ark* and the *Dove*, sailed up the Potomac River. At an Indian town near the junction of the Potomac and the St. Mary Rivers, the colonists landed and began their settlement which they named St. Marys. From the Indians they purchased this ground and entered into lasting friendship with the redskins. Here at St. Marys the colonists did not suffer any of the hardships encountered by the people of early Virginia or Massachusetts. The Indians taught them how to hunt game and to plant corn. The soil was so fertile that large, abundant crops were grown. Some of the harvest was carried to Virginia and sold there to the people of Jamestown.

The whole history of Maryland is marked by peace and contentment which was seldom broken. A quarrel occurred in 1635 over the boundary between Virginia and Maryland. William Clayborne, a Virginian settler, possessed Kent Island in the Chesapeake. From this place, he carried on a trade with the Indians. Lord Baltimore declared that this island belonged to Maryland and wished Clayborne to submit to the rule of Maryland or else give up Kent Island.

When Clayborne refused to do this, open warfare broke out and for many years the struggle was continued between Clayborne and Maryland. The trouble ended when England declared Kent Island to be part of Maryland.

Another dispute between Maryland and Pennsylvania came up concerning the boundary between these two colonies. But no real trouble followed because both settle-

ments agreed upon the line established by the two surveyors, Mason and Dixon, who were appointed to fix the boundary.

The Catholics came to Maryland in order to find freedom to worship God as their conscience demanded. In the persecutions they had suffered because of their faith, they had learned the true lesson of religious liberty. So in 1649 the people assembled in their legislature and passed the famous Toleration Act. According to this law, all Christians were free to profess whatever religion they pleased and all could hold public office. A great historian has called this Act "the morning star of religious freedom."

On account of the soil's fertility, many people were attracted to Maryland. Among the new settlers came many Puritans and other non-Catholics. Although the Catholics had settled Maryland and had granted freedom of worship to all, the Protestants who now had a majority took away this liberty and forbade the Catholics to worship or to possess any rights in the colony. Lord Baltimore also was deprived of his land. Later, in 1658, Maryland was restored to the Calverts and the Toleration Act again came into force.

Maryland's growth was rapid. There never was a time of hardship or suffering and the people were at all times prosperous. The land was divided into large plantations where great crops of tobacco and grain were raised. These two products brought great wealth to the colonists. They were a sociable people who soon became famous for their hospitality. Their tables, loaded down with oysters, terra-

pin and canvasback ducks from the eastern shore of the Chesapeake, became famed far and wide.

Maryland remained the property of the Calverts until 1692 when it was made a royal province. Later, in 1752, the land was restored to the descendants of Lord Baltimore, who possessed it until the days of the Revolution.

Maryland was settled in 1634 by Catholics under the Calverts. They came to the shores of the Chesapeake, seeking a place where they might worship as they desired. By the great Toleration Act, freedom of religion was given to all Christians. The colony was happy and prosperous. Maryland lead the way in the march toward true freedom and liberty.

Labor is man's great function. He is nothing, he can be nothing, he can achieve nothing, he can fulfill nothing, without labor.—*Dewey*.

Help the weak if you are strong,
Love the old if you are young,
Own a fault if you are wrong,
If you are angry hold your tongue.

PENNSYLVANIA

1681

IN a fine old home in England, a young man sat, thinking deeply. He was dressed in a suit of sober gray and wore no ring or ornaments of any kind. Strong, well-built was he with full, noble face and deep, kind eyes.

"Alas! my father is dead," he said, speaking aloud his thoughts. "I have caused him much sorrow, I fear. But he never understood how noble was the true religion of the Friends. If he had only felt the faith I feel, he would have understood. But now he is gone. I care not for the money and estate he has left me. Wealth means nothing to me when I see my fellow Friends thrown into prison, fined, exiled and cruelly persecuted because they act in ways according to their faith. I have suffered grievously so henceforth I shall devote my life and fortune to helping the cause of my fellow Quakers."

Such were the words of William Penn at the time of his father's death. With this high resolution in mind, the zealous Quaker set to work immediately. When he was studying at Oxford he had listened to a Quaker preacher and had been thrilled by the thoughts the Quaker expressed. At that very moment Penn embraced the beliefs of the Quakers. Then followed many trials and misfortunes. He was ex-

elled from college for being a Quaker and his father was so displeased because his son had joined the despised sect that he drove William from home. Later he was cast into prison many times for preaching the doctrines of the Quakers. Now he was determined further to help their cause."

"This is my plan," said Penn to his fellows. "I shall



William Penn

ask the King to grant me the land lying north of Maryland and west of the Delaware River. Hither we shall go to take up new homes and live without fear of persecution."

Charles II received William Penn's petition and gave it due consideration. The King owed sixteen thousand pounds to the estate of William's father and in return for this debt, he granted Penn a tract of land, three hundred miles long and two hundred and fifty miles wide. To this

territory Penn gave the name of Sylvania or Woodland, but in honor of its new proprietor, it became known as Pennsylvania.

As soon as this grant had been given, Penn, who had already visited the Quakers in New Jersey, sent out a group of colonists in 1681 to build their homes in this new land. The Quakers were a peaceful, industrious people who believed fervently in the doctrines laid down by their founder, George Fox. He organized the Society of Friends, who held that all religious forms and civil titles were without meaning. Therefore they refused to listen to the ministers and paid homage to no person. They thought that all people were equal and they never took off their hats in honor to any one. Money and wealth they did not desire but they lived quietly and dressed in dark clothes of gray. They addressed each other as "thou and thee" and held that each should follow the Golden Rule. They were opposed to war and all forms of strife.

Such were the Quakers who came to Pennsylvania in 1681. During the following year, William Penn himself came to his new lands and established the government which he called the Holy Experiment. The settlers were given the right to rule themselves and were treated justly. Under the Great Law of the Quakers, all sober and industrious persons found freedom and security.

When Penn arrived, there was only one settlement in the new territory. This colony consisted of about five hundred Quakers, Swedes and Dutch, who crossed from New Jersey and settled on the present site of Chester. In March,

1683, William Penn beheld a beautiful stretch of land lying between the Delaware and Schuylkill Rivers.

"Here is a place not surpassed by any other," he said. "Let us build our city on this spot. Its citizens shall live in friendship and brotherly love. It shall be called Philadelphia."

Great care was taken in laying out this new city. The

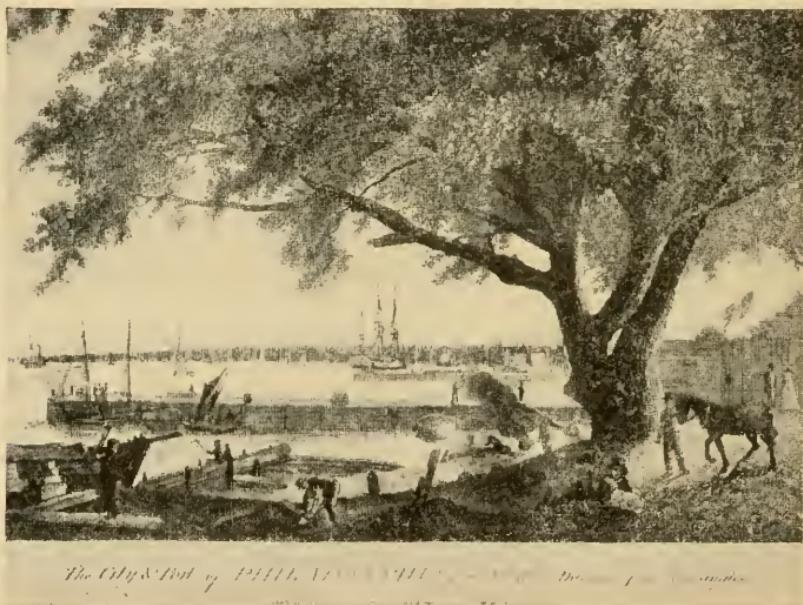


Quaker meeting house at Easton, Maryland. Built in 1684
William Penn preached in it

streets were made wide and straight and were given the names of the trees in the near by forests, such as Chestnut, Ash, Walnut and Spruce. Because of its splendid location for trading purposes, Philadelphia grew rapidly and in two years its population reached almost three thousand. Today it is one of our most important cities and is a place of great culture and refinement.

William Penn became a great friend of the Indians. Al-

though Charles II had granted him the land of Pennsylvania, Penn felt that he had no right to its possession until he received the consent of the Indians, whom he considered to be the real owners. So in 1683, he met the redskin chiefs in council. After words of kindness had been spoken, Penn purchased the land from the Indians and signed the great



The Penn treaty tree at Shackamaxon

treaty of brotherly love. This treaty provided "that the Indians and the English must live in love as long as the sun should give life." This splendid promise of friendship was never broken.

The years passed peacefully for the colonists of Pennsylvania because they were ruled by laws just and considerate. Penn's justice was shown when the people in the "Lower

Counties on the Delaware" objected to being ruled by the people of Pennsylvania. Penn allowed them to form their own government and rule themselves as an independent colony. After the Revolution these people constituted the State of Delaware.

A dispute arose between Penn and the Calverts of Maryland concerning the boundary of the two colonies. But Penn settled the quarrel by having Mason and Dixon survey



Philadelphia about 1760

the land and draw a boundary line between Maryland and Pennsylvania.

The later years of William Penn were troubled and filled with sorrow. Twice he was imprisoned through the wickedness of his enemies. He died in 1718 after a life of service for his fellowmen.

Pennsylvania was founded in 1681 by the Quakers or the Society of Friends. They were a peace-loving people who treated every one with kindness and consideration. To their land they welcomed all who were law-abiding and peaceful. Under their kind influence, Pennsylvania grew in prosperity and became one of the greatest of our States.

IMPORTANT DATES

- 1492 — Columbus
- 1588 — Drake and Spanish Armada
- 1607 — Jamestown
- 1609 — Hudson River
- 1620 — Pilgrims
- 1623 — Settlement of New Amsterdam
- 1664 — English Conquest of New Amsterdam

PART II

CIVICS

FOOD

ONE bright Saturday afternoon Jack Brewster and his father walked along Riverside Drive. They had passed Grant's Tomb and were strolling along looking out over the beautiful waters of the Hudson.

"What a queer looking ship," exclaimed Jack. "Why it seems like a war vessel — it is so strong looking."

"That's not a gunboat," laughed Mr. Brewster. "That is a sugar boat bringing a cargo from Louisiana. It is on its way to the refinery."

"From Louisiana?" exclaimed Jack. "That's a long ways for sugar to come here."

"Why, no," said his father. "Our food travels farther distances than that at times. You see we are so crowded together in this city that we cannot grow the things which go to make up our food supply. Now each railroad, running into New York, is a food carrier. The railroads from the West bring us cattle and meat from Chicago, flour from St. Paul and Minneapolis, and fruits from California. The trains coming in at Jersey City carry vegetables from Delaware, Maryland and New Jersey, while our own State furnishes milk, butter and cheese. Then the ships carry cargoes of sugar from Louisiana or Cuba, tea from China, fruits from the South and coffee from Brazil. You see we

need all these helps for during last year the people of New York consumed almost five billion pounds of food."

"Five billion pounds is a great amount," said Jack. "I can't imagine so much."

"It is enormous," continued Mr. Brewster. "When I was a boy things were different. Washington Market was the center of trade; here the food-stuffs were sold to the merchants. Now conditions have changed. The Sanitary Code and the Pure Food Law have since been established and great care is taken regarding our food. Not only must it be wholesome and pure; it must also be prepared under sanitary conditions and the people who handle the food must be clean and healthy.

"These laws are very necessary, for bad food means bad health. If we drink milk from diseased cows, we may become ill. If we eat decayed meat or poisonous coloring matter which is sometimes used in candy-making, we suffer seriously. These laws are enforced in two ways. If the food is carried from one state to another, the Federal Government Food Inspectors watch to see that the Sanitary Code is strictly enforced. Thus if a New Jersey farmer sends to New York bob-beal, that is veal unfit for eating, he is prosecuted by the Federal Inspectors.

"In New York we have the State Inspectors and also the inspectors from the Division of Food Inspection of the Board of Health."

"If so much food comes into New York, there must be a great number of inspectors needed," said Jack.

"There is a large force," replied Mr. Brewster. "This

division of the Board of Health consists of three medical inspectors, six veterinarians, fifty-six milk inspectors and forty inspectors of food.

"The medical inspectors take care particularly to see that conditions under which our food is produced and handled are sanitary. They visit the barns in the country to see that



Courtesy of ADOLPH GÖBEL

United States meat inspectors

the cows live in healthful places. They also work to prevent epidemics of cattle disease. This work is also done by the veterinarians. These are men who act as animal doctors. They examine the cows and pigs to see that they are fit to be killed and used as food.

"The food itself is guarded by the food inspectors.

These watchful servants are on the alert at all places where food is handled in large quantities, at the piers, the markets, the railroad terminals and at the places where cattle are killed and dressed.

"All meat is carefully inspected. These inspectors visit the slaughter houses and make sure that the cattle are in fit condition to be killed for food. They also visit the storage houses to see if the conditions there are sanitary. Butcher-shops also are visited to prevent the selling of decayed meat. Fish is inspected when it leaves the ships and when it is sold in the markets. If the meat is not wholesome, if it is adulterated or preserved by harmful means, it is destroyed immediately by the food inspectors.

"Bake-shops are carefully inspected. The bread and cake must be purely made. Bakers are forbidden to use poisonous colors, bad eggs or decayed fruit. If they are caught violating these very strict laws they are brought to court and severely fined.

"Cold storage plants also are visited by the food inspectors. If the eggs are not wholesome, they are destroyed. If the other food-stuffs are in a condition which makes them unfit for use, they too are destroyed.

"Besides taking such great care to see that our food is cleanly prepared and kept in wholesome places, the inspectors carry food to the laboratories and there analyze it to see that it contains the proper ingredients. All food that is unfit to be sold is destroyed. In one year twenty-four million pounds of food were destroyed by the food inspectors.

"The food that must be guarded most carefully is milk,

because it is the food of babies and children. Besides milk carries disease very readily if it is not carefully guarded from germs. This task of protecting our milk supply has been made a separate work of the Health Department. Fifty-six inspectors are employed in milk inspection alone. They go to the country where the milk is obtained from the cows. They examine the cattle to see that they are free from disease, especially tuberculosis. They also make sure that the barns are well lighted and sanitary and that all the milk-pails, cans and bottles are thoroughly clean.

"Milk has now been divided into three grades. Grade A is suitable for infants and children. This milk is certified and guaranteed to be absolutely pure. Grade B is pasteurized milk. This means that the milk which comes from selected cows is treated by a process which frees the milk from microbes, that is, carriers of disease. Grade C is milk that is suitable for cooking purposes. This is good milk but it is not protected as well as Grade A or Grade B."

"I never thought there was so much care taken to protect our food," said Jack. "We receive a great deal of attention, don't we?"

"Yes, we do," replied his father, "but it is very necessary. You see the food we eat supplies us with the energy with which to live and to work. If the food is not pure or is adulterated, its strength has been taken away and we do not receive the proper amount of nourishment. If the food is bad then we are made seriously ill.

"If we must be careful to see that our houses are clean, we should be more careful about what goes into our bodies.

We should see that the stores where we buy our food are well kept and are clean. The food itself should be wholesome, for bad food is worse than none at all."

WATER

"JACK," said Mr. Brewster, "I'm going for a walk through the Park. Would you like to come?"

"Oh! Yes, I would," exclaimed Jack, jumping up from his book. "I'll get my coat and hat right away."

Jack was very eager to go because he and his father were the greatest of companions and the little fellow loved to hear the interesting stories which his father told him about the things they saw on their many walks.

"Here I am, all ready," said Jack, returning with hat and coat, "I didn't keep you long, did I?"

"No, you're very swift," laughed Mr. Brewster. "Now let's start. I think the Park will be beautiful on this fine day."

The two started from their home and soon were walking quickly along the winding paths of the Park. As they were passing the Reservoir, they stopped to watch the little waves the wind was making.

"I've been reading, Daddy, about the old Dutch settlers," said Jack. "It was a history book and it said that they had wells from which they got their drinking water. Didn't they have reservoirs then?"

"No, not for some time," answered his father. "You know water is one of the most important things that are

necessary for life. We use it in so many different ways, for drinking, cooking, bathing, cleaning, for steam, as ice — in fact we could not get on without water, could we?"

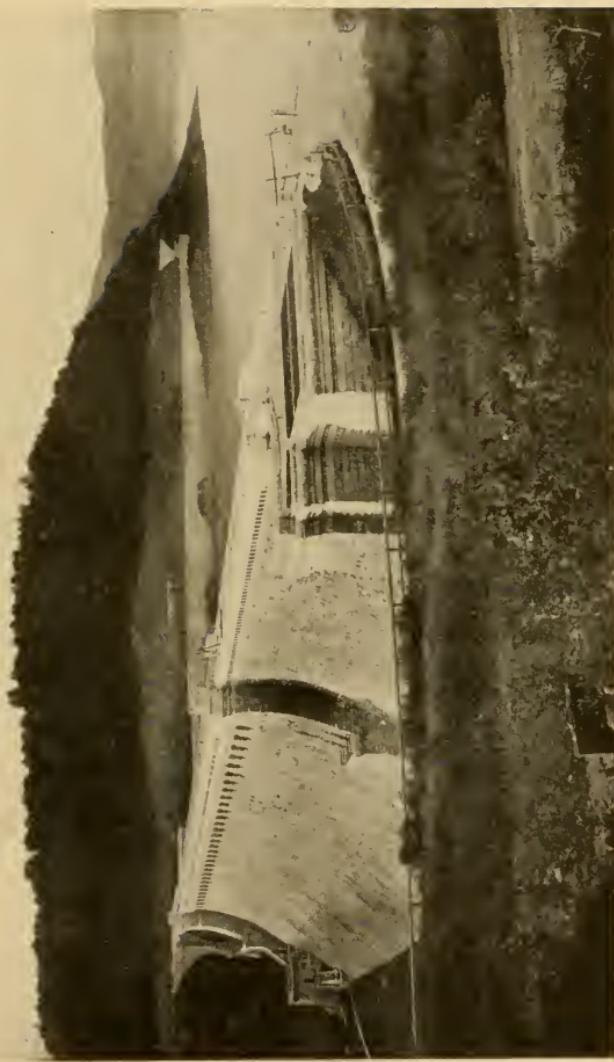
"No, we could n't," replied Jack. "But I never thought it was so important."

"It is very important," continued Mr. Brewster. "The colonists in building their settlements always looked first to see if there was pure water nearby. Now the Dutch built wells as you said. Later the wells could not supply enough water and they built pipes of thick wood through which they led the water from some of the rivers north of the colony. Some day when we visit the Jumel Mansion or the Van Cortlandt House or Faances Tavern, we will see the wooden pipes the Dutch used. Parts of them have been preserved."

"Did this way of bringing water to the people prove successful?" asked Jack.

"Yes, for a time," replied Jack's father. "But as the years passed, new and greater supplies of water were needed and many changes had to be made. To-day our city uses five hundred million gallons of water every day. For many years we who live in Manhattan and The Bronx have been supplied by water carried through large pipes to our reservoirs from Croton River, which runs through Westchester and Putnam counties. Brooklyn has had its reservoirs filled by other water from the wells and streams of Long Island while Queens and Richmond also have their own separate supplies.

"But even this great system was not able to supply enough water and in 1905 plans were made for building the great-



Courtesy of Board of Water Supply

The New Croton Dam

est water system in the world. A Board of Water Supply was appointed and the members began the task of solving this problem. To-day the work is almost finished. When we get home we 'll take down our big map and see just where our water comes from."

Jack and his father talked of many things on their walk. Later they turned homeward. In the evening Jack came to his father's study room.

"Daddy, if you 're not too busy," said Jack, "will you show me about our water supply?"

"Indeed, I will, replied his father. "Let 's get our map. Now, see, up here is Westchester County and here is Putnam. We must find the Croton River. Yes, here it is. Right here is the great reservoir. Our city built this by erecting large walls called dams to hold the water. This reservoir covers two hundred and seventy acres, is thirty feet deep and can hold eight million gallons of water.

"Here in this great reservoir and in a number of others near by the water is caught up and led through pipes, called an aqueduct, to the city. See, it runs along the eastern shore of the Hudson, down through Ossining and other Westchester towns until it reaches the Harlem. Across the Harlem, the engineers built High Bridge, and this bridge holds the water pipes which lead the water to the reservoirs in Manhattan and The Bronx. From the reservoirs mains are laid which carry the water to our homes.

"Now this system has proved too small. So, as I said, the Water Supply Board was appointed by the Mayor. This Board worked out the plan we will soon be using.

Let's look at our map again and see if we can find Esopus Creek up in the Catskills."

"Yes, here it is," said Jack. "It's not far from Kingston."

"That is correct," answered Mr. Brewster. "Here at Ashokan the engineers have constructed a reservoir which will hold one hundred and twenty billion gallons of water. The Ashokan dam which will hold this enormous amount of water is the result of great engineering skill. Now let's find the Rondout River. Yes, here it is. Here there will be another great reservoir while on the Schoharie and Catskill Creeks smaller ones are being constructed."

"Will that water be brought all the way down to us here?" asked Jack in surprise.

"Surely, it will," said his father. "They are now building the aqueduct. It will carry the water to our reservoirs, then pass under the East River to Brooklyn. After supplying Brooklyn it will continue from the southern end of that borough, under the Narrows to Staten Island. It will be fourteen feet high and one hundred and forty miles long."

"My, it seems so great I can hardly believe it is true," exclaimed Jack. "It must cost a great deal."

"It is a wonderful work," said his father. "But, look Jack, it's way past your bed time. If you care to hear some more about our water, I'll try to tell you the rest of the story to-morrow night."

"I will surely come," said Jack as he said good-night to his father.

THE COST OF OUR WATER SUPPLY

"DADDY, I hope you're not too busy to-night, are you?" asked Jack after supper. "You said you would tell me more about our water supply system."

"Yes, let us finish that story," answered Jack's father. "I have time, too. Where were we at?"

"You told me about the new reservoir at Ashokan and how large it was. I've been wondering, Daddy, about all the money this work must cost. Does our city pay for it?"

"Our city does pay for the building of the reservoirs and the laying of the water mains. All this work is placed in the hands of the men in the Water Supply Department. This department is composed of engineers, inspectors and construction men, who superintend new or repair work which may be necessary.

"We people pay for the water we use. In some cities and towns the water is supplied by private business companies who charge so much each year for the water that they supply. Here, our city taxes the property owners. If there is a great amount of water used, the owner has the water measured by a water meter. He pays ten cents for every 100 cubic feet of water that is consumed. In almost ninety percent of the houses there is no need of a meter. The water tax is then assessed in yearly amounts according to the size

of the house, its width, stories, number of faucets and number of tenants. This tax is paid by the owner, who receives the money in rent from the people living in the house. The tax collected each year amounts to more than thirteen million dollars."

"Then we really pay for all the water we use?" asked Jack in surprise. "Why I thought water was free."

"No, it is n't free," replied Mr. Brewster. "But the charge is very small, compared with the great benefits we get from water. It would be very difficult to live, if we did not have pure water. It is the duty of the City to see that the water is free from disease germs. If the water carries disease many thousands might be made sick. The greatest danger is from typhoid fever which is spread by drinking of impure water. At all times we should be very careful of our water, especially when we are in the country. Rain water which is caught in reservoirs is safe for drinking and so is most of the ground water, that is water from springs or wells. Even here great care must be taken to make sure that the springs are far from dwellings or places of contamination. Surface water or water from rivers, lakes or ponds, very often contains typhoid germs and should be made pure before it is used."

"But how can people make the water pure?" inquired Jack.

"Why, that is very easily done," said Mr. Brewster. "Microbes or germs cannot live at a high temperature, so when we boil water carefully all the dangers from the germs is removed. Water that is boiled in this way is called dis-

tilled water. Freezing, though, does not kill microbes. It just puts them to sleep and they awake just as soon as the ice melts. So you see we should be very careful not to eat impure ice or put it in the water we intend to drink.

"We can be sure that the water the city supplies us is pure, for the men in charge of the supply are very careful. We in turn should not waste the water for if everybody was careless, the supply of water might give out and there would be a water famine. We should be sure to turn off the water faucets tightly when we finish, and if they leak or drip, we should report the matter to the Water Department. All leaks should be attended to at once."

"While we should not waste water, we should use it as often as possible. Frequent bathing keeps our bodies clean and gives us new strength. No disease is likely to visit a home where the floors are scrubbed and water is used plentifully for cleaning the rooms. Pure, cool water is the most healthful and beneficial drink for man and beast."

THE BUILDING DEPARTMENT

JACK and his father were passing a building that was being constructed. The workmen were busy on the walls, laying bricks while wagons were dumping their loads of cement and stone. Nearby a man in blue uniform, wearing a gold badge on his cap, was watching the work that was being done.

"Who is that officer with the gold badge?" asked Jack.

"He is the building inspector," replied Mr. Brewster. "It is his duty to see that the building is erected according to the law. He has great power, for if he sees that the builders are violating the rules of the Building Department, he can stop all work on the building."

"Can't a man build a house just as he wants to?" questioned Jack.

"No, indeed," answered his father. "Before a man can begin work on any building at all, no matter how small, he must first file the plans with the Building Department. Here the inspectors examine the plans to see if they do not violate the city laws regarding buildings. If they do not contain any faults, then the builder is given a permit to begin work. All the time that the work is going on, the inspectors make sure that the erection of the building is done in a lawful manner.

"This task of seeing that our buildings are well constructed and sanitary is performed by the Tenement House Department. Over this department, the mayor appoints a commissioner, who in turn chooses two assistants called deputies. Each deputy superintends the work in the different boroughs. Under the commissioner are over five hundred men who read plans, inspect new buildings and see that old ones are sanitary."

"Did we always have these men to watch over the buildings?" asked Jack.

"No," replied Mr. Brewster. "It is only since 1901 that the Tenement House Department has been in existence. Before that the work had been done by the Fire Department and the Department of Health. But when our city began to grow so rapidly, this department was made. It is divided into four divisions, called bureaus; the Executive Bureau, the New Building Bureau, the Old Building Bureau and the Bureau of Records.

"All complaints about tenement houses, that is, houses containing three or more families doing their cooking there, are received by the Executive Bureau. If conditions are unsanitary the matter is taken up by the men of this Bureau and also by the Bureau of Old Buildings. These inspectors go about to make sure that the cellars are clean and dry, that the plumbing is in good condition, that the halls are clean and lighted, and that garbage and rubbish is properly taken care of. Since the Tenement House Law was passed, a great improvement has been made in the condition of the tenements. Now if an owner does not keep the place in a



Courtesy of Tenement House Department

Inspectors Removing Obstructions

sanitary condition, the inspectors can bring him to court and have him fined.

"The work done by the New Building Department is also very important. In order to protect the people the city has passed many laws regarding the erection of buildings. These laws are enforced by this department. When a new tenement is to be built, the plans must be handed to these inspectors who look over them carefully regarding the size of the rooms, the amount of light, the size of the areaways and depth of the yard. Besides they are careful to see that the regulations concerning fire-proofing are observed. If the plans do not follow the rules of the Building Department, they are sent back for correction. If they are correct, they are approved and permission is then given for the erection of the building. While the house is being built, the inspectors watch to see that the laws are obeyed. At last when the building is completed and satisfactory, a certificate is granted which allows tenants to occupy the place.

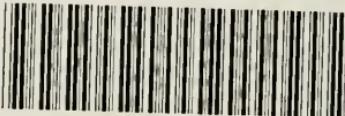
"The Bureau of Records keeps the records of new and old buildings. Here may be found the names of owners of the tenements. This bureau works in connection with the Department of Health. All cases of contagious disease are noted in the records of the Health Department and are turned over by the clerks in the Bureau of Records to the Old Building Department. When the reports are received here, inspectors visit the houses which were disinfected and examined to see if the illness was brought on by unsanitary conditions."

"I never thought that we had so many people taking care of our health," exclaimed Jack.

"That is true; we do have a great number whose duty it is to keep our city safe and healthful," said his father. "We should be very grateful. If we had no one to see that our buildings were erected carefully, serious results might follow. Poorly constructed houses would be erected and the people would suffer from collapsing buildings, unsafe homes and crowded dwellings. If no one took care that the tenements were kept clean, that the cellars were dry and the plumbing kept in repair, sickness would follow. When there are a great number of families in one house, this would be a very dangerous thing."

"We should aid the Tenement House Department by seeing that the fire-escapes are cleared of all boxes and bundles, that the cellars are clean and that the rooms receive plenty of fresh air and sunshine."

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